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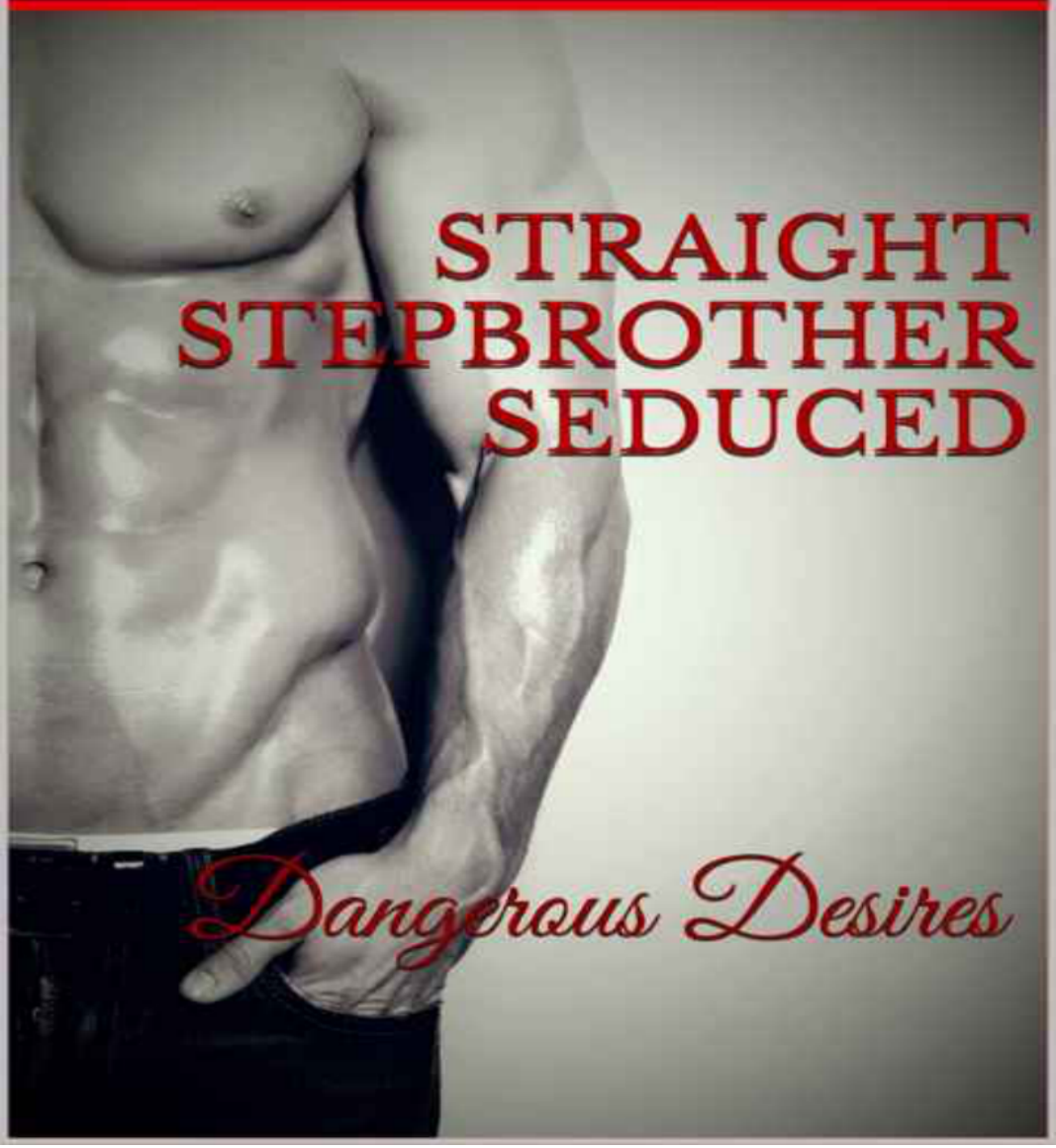

# STRAIGHT STEPBROTHER SEDUCED

*Dangerous Desires*

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# STRAIGHT STEPBROTHER SEDUCED

## *Dangerous Desires*

Written
by
Lucas Loveless

# ONE

You know those butterflies that young boys get in their stomachs when they start realizing how pretty the girls are? How they get nervous and tongue tied around them in elementary and middle school? Yeah, I felt that way – but not about girls… and when you have those thoughts about boys you go to school with, when you start getting erections while watching the handsome actors on TV, or hell even when your father plays the football game every Thanksgiving, and when you grow up in a small town in Crossroads, Alabama where every Sunday you learn that "faggots go to hell," you learn to keep all your gay thoughts to yourself and learn how to exist with a constant feeling of loneliness.

My name's Trevor. I was a lone wolf, a little misfit in a small town, quiet and shy through all my school years. I didn't get picked on too much because I was pretty much invisible.

My mom died when I was little, so it was just me and my father. And while I stayed quiet and tried to act as "straight" as I could, my dad always preached the word of the bible and spent every day praying away his temptation to drink away any emotions. He drank before my mom died, and it got worse afterward. He finally got sober when I was 12. But it never stopped his meanness.

We never had a lot of money. We scraped by, living in a small house in the fields near the edge of town.

When I was 15, my dad started dating a nice woman. Linda Knight. He fell for her fast, and she fell for him faster.

When I was 16 I got introduced to her son, my new stepbrother Blaze. He was two years older than me, and all those feelings and butterflies and nervousness that young men are supposed to feel around girls – I felt those for him.

He played football at my high school. He was muscular and masculine and quiet, one of those strong and silent types. And he never lacked when it came to getting girls' attention. He just never knew that he had my attention also.

And all throughout school, we hardly spoke a word to one another. He'd spend most of his time going out with his friends and dating girls. I'd spend most of my time cooped up in my room trying to pretend the world didn't exist. He was the cool, gorgeous jock. I was the quiet, nerdy outcast.

I avoided Blaze and his friends in the hallways at school because his friends would never pass up an opportunity to turn me into a joke. "Sissy," "faggot," "queer boy." And Blaze never said a word. He never joined in with them, but he never defended me, either. And when we were at home, we never said a word to one another.

There were times when he made me wonder, though, wonder what he was thinking. Every once in a while I'd catch Blaze taking a longer glance at me than normal, too long for someone just looking at someone else. And I'd wonder if he ever felt the same way about me that I did about him, but I never acted on it.

I learned that I had to be my own best friend. I was on my own. So I became my own version of a rebel, watching gay porn at night in my bedroom. Smoking cigarettes outside late at night because I wanted to. I didn't need friends, and nobody needed me.

Eventually Blaze graduated and left for college out of town. I was alone with my father and Linda, and that was fine with me. I didn't need him, but I could never fully get him out of my head. And he never knew how I felt about him.

***

Two years later...

I was 18, and I was reckless and rebellious. I was better looking, still skinny but I was attractive enough to be cocky about it. And I was experienced. I'd even hooked up with a few guys out of town, learning how to suck dick and other things that would piss my father off.

Still, no one knew I was gay. The towns people would've burned me alive if they did. I was just a ghost in that town, Trevor the invisible young man. But at least I was free to do what I wanted and whenever I wanted.

Blaze was home that summer from college. After all that time

without him, I thought I'd get over him. But when he first came back through that door, the butterflies started in my stomach for him again. I still felt the same way about my straight stepbrother Blaze, even after the years had gone by.

Blaze had only gotten bigger since he'd been away... bulging muscles and testosterone just oozing off of him. I had to remind myself not to drool when I was around him. And he spent more time at home that summer. I guess he didn't hang around his old friends as much.

I caught him checking me out a few times. And this time, this summer, I was determined to satisfy my long lost fantasy with him.

I'd hit it and quit it with him, seduce him once and get on with my life. I'd seduce him for old times sake, for all the times he and his friends made fun of me. It was revenge, and sooner or later, before that summer ended I would get it with pleasure.

***

I was up late one Saturday night and caught Blaze in the living room watching TV. He didn't see me around the corner of the hallway, but I saw him, and he was rubbing his cock through his gym shorts. I could see the bulge of it through the fabric, and fuck it was thick. Like the rest of him, his was cock was huge.

"Holy fuck," I whispered to myself.

This was happening. This was actually happening! All this time I'd desired my stepbrother, and now there he was in front of me, jacking himself while our parents slept on the other end of the house.

And I wasn't that shy little kid anymore. I was 18, hot and ready, and I got what I wanted. And what I wanted right then, what I'd wanted for so long, was my 20 year old, straight – fucking – stepbrother Blaze.

# TWO

I casually walked into the living room like I hadn't been watching.

Blaze stopped touching himself. He cleared his throat and quickly changed the television channel. "Oh hey," he said. "Didn't know anyone else was up."

I stood next to the couch and looked back at the TV. Football was on, but I know that wasn't what he was watching before.

"Yeah I couldn't sleep," I said.

Blaze and I still didn't talk much since he'd been home for the summer.

"Cool," he said. "Me neither." His voice was so deep and masculine that my dick twitched just to hear him speak. I wanted to know what sounds he made when he came.

So we stood there, awkward and quiet.

I licked my lips, taking a glance at the tent Blaze was still pitching in his gym shorts. "You know it's funny, you've got the whole living room to yourself and all you wanna do is watch sports?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, I guess so."

I sat down on the edge of the couch, careful not to scare him off. "If I were you I'd totally be watching porn."

His lips curled into a half smile. "Oh really?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

Blaze looked at me, and I stared back at him. One can communicate a lot with just a simple look, and by then I knew how to express lust with my eyes.

And Blaze must've seen it. He shifted in his seat, and then he glanced back and forth at the TV screen and at me. "I wouldn't mind watching some."

I smiled. "Then put it on."

He grabbed the remote, took a last look at me, and then he switched the channel back to the porn he'd been watching. It was some woman with big breasts getting railed by construction workers.

"Yeah that's pretty hot," I said.

Blaze nodded. He wouldn't look at me. Watching porn with

someone else was new to him. But he couldn't help but touch himself again. “She’s hot, man. Has a great set of tits.”

I almost rolled my eyes. Straight guys, always going straight to the breasts. “Yeah, she does.” I played along, still careful not take it too far too soon.

Blaze fondled himself. He wouldn’t look at me.

“Have you,” I asked, “ever jerked off around another guy before?”

He hesitated, but he nodded. “Yeah, once. Last year. Me and a few buddies watched some porn and jerked ourselves.” Then he looked at me quick in defense. “But it wasn’t gay, though. We were just horny.”

I laughed a little. “Chill out, man. Of course it’s not gay. It’s just – having fun, right?” I smiled at him.

After a moment, he grinned back at me. “Yeah, just having fun.”

By that point, I wasn't shy about letting my eyes fall upon his body.

"Are you watching me?" he asked with a slight laugh.

I answered honestly. "Yeah, bro, I am." I started touching myself, my chest and my groin. "Is that okay?"

He looked back at me. His smile disappeared and he became serious, but I could see the curiosity on his face. "Yeah, it's cool."

For a minute we just touched ourselves. I watched Blaze, and he looked back and forth between me and the porn.

"Why don't you take your shirt off?" I asked.

“Trevor,” he asked, “are you… are you g-”

“Don’t worry about me,” I interrupted. “This is just two guys hanging out and having a good time.”

He looked me in the eyes. “I guess we’ve never really been that close before, huh.”

I bit my lip. “No. But we could, you know. We’re stepbrothers after all. Shouldn’t we be, you know, close? Getting along?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“Buddies can watch porn together, man,” I told him. At this point I’d tell him anything to get him naked. “It’s fine. It’s not gay. It’s just, having fun.”

He licked his lips. “Yeah, you’re right.”

I put my hand on his stomach. My heart was racing. I was nervous and fearless all at once, lost in the heat and adrenaline of that quiet moment. “So, go ahead, bro. Take your shirt off.”

He licked his lips. "Okay." And then he leaned forward and slid off his shirt. Now he wore nothing but those sheer gym shorts. His ripped and bare muscles were exposed for my pleasure.

I knew I had him. After all these years, I was going to get him, seduce him and ruin him.

"Can I touch you?" I asked.

He laughed a little. "Uh, sure. Why not?"

I ventured my hand over his chest and shoulders. I squeezed his pecs and even played with his nipple. When I did, his nipples got hard in excitement.

I smiled. "Do you like that?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

I knew it was now or never if I wanted things to go the next level. When it comes to seducing straight guys, especially your own stepbrother, you have to move fast.

I leaned over and nibbled on his nipple. I was gentle and teased him.

He breathed in deep and fast. "Holy shit."

I leaned up. "How about that?"

He looked at me, and his eyes were wide with desire. "Yeah that felt good."

I grinned with pleasure. "Want me to keep going?"

He took in a deep breath and nodded.

I leaned back to him and licked around his hard nipple. His skin grew goosebumps at my touch. I kissed his chest, and then I licked up to his neck. I grabbed his arm and raised it. I licked the edge of his pit and then up his bicep.

"Fuck," he whispered.

I put his arm back down, around me. I had him now. I had wanted to be with Blaze for so long and now I finally had him where I wanted him. Revenge had never seemed so close. I could practically taste it.

I kissed and licked his neck. I ran my hand up and down his

muscled flesh. I was an animal, a raging animal taking Blaze as my prize.

I was even so bold as to kiss his cheek, and then I kissed it again, closer to his lips, feeling the stubble of his face on my lips.

“Trevor,” he said through heavy breath. “We, we can’t tell anyone about this. Got it?”

I moaned, “Yes sir. I won’t say a word.”

He turned his face to me.

I went in to kiss him.

But he turned away, and his rejection stung a little.

Fine, I thought. No kissing. That’s fine. I don’t need to kiss you to fuck you.

I grabbed and clawed at his body. He was shyer, not knowing exactly where to put his hands.

Good, I thought. That’s the way I wanted him, so I took control.

I moved my left hand down and in between his legs, ready to feel that huge piece of manhood I'd been drooling over.

I grabbed his shaft through his gym shorts and heard him moan. I squeezed and played with his rod.

"Fuck," he moaned.

I licked his chest and then down his stomach. Then I tugged at his gym shorts.

"Wait, wait," he said. "What if our parents come in?"

I stopped for a moment. I knew he was right. I grabbed the remote and turned off the television, leaving us in almost complete darkness except for the moonlight that came in through the window.

"If we hear anyone coming towards us," I said, "just stop and put your dick back in your shorts."

"But my dick is already in my shorts," he whispered.

I smiled. I pulled down his waistband. I reached in, and I felt that he wasn't wearing any underwear. Sexy as hell. Then I wrapped my fingers around his hard, thick shaft and pulled it out of his shorts. "Now it's not."

"You're bad," he said with a smile. "I never knew you were like this, Trevor."

I licked my lips. "Just wait, man. There's more."

I pulled his shorts down to his ankles. Then I took a firm grip of his cock and stroked him. I could hear him breathe harder and heavier.

Then I went for it.

I opened my mouth wide so that I could fit half of his cock into my wet mouth. Instantly I heard him groan and felt him thrust a little. A big guy like Blaze, I knew I'd have to be careful not to let him thrust too hard. He'd destroy the back of my throat if I'd let him.

I used my mouth for the top half of his cock and my hand for the lower, sucking and stroking him like a pro.

"Holy fuck," he whispered. "You're so fucking hot."

He put his hand on the back of my head and held onto me while I slid my mouth up and down his throbbing manhood.

In no time I could taste the precome dripping from his cock.

I leaned back to catch my breath, but I kept his wet shaft in my hand and stroked him. In the moonlight I could see him before me, this muscled out bro that I control of. My eyes roamed from his chest to his stomach to his cock and then to his huge balls. I could tell they were just begging to burst.

I leaned forward and teased him by licking his sack with the tip of my tongue.

He squirmed and moaned in a deep voice.

I flattened my tongue and licked his man parts, and then I even licked underneath them on his taint.

He jolted forward a bit. "Holy shit, that feels good."

I smiled. "No one's ever licked you there before?"

He shook his head.

I was thrilled to be the first. I flicked my tongue against his hot spot while stroking his cock.

He moaned and groaned and started bucking upward into my hand.

"Fuck, Trevor, you're gonna make me come," he whimpered.

"Go ahead."

He stopped me. "No, it'll go everywhere. Look, man, when I come

it's huge. I'll spray on the couch and on the floor and our parents will know."

I grinned with an idea in my head. I had already toyed with myself that night, using a dildo I'd bought out of town. It wasn't as big as Blaze's cock, but I knew I could take more.

I took a deep breath, knowing that I was about to put myself into a lot of pain. But the thought was so arousing I couldn't help myself. I stood up and spread my legs around him. I sat there in his lap, feeling his aching cock against my backside.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Why don't you come in my ass?" I said.

"Whoa, what?" His eyes were wide. I felt his cock twitch against me like it was answering for him. "In your ass?"

I took his hands and guided them to my butt. He grabbed my cheeks and squeezed. "Yeah, man. That way it won't go anywhere else."

He gulped, but I could tell he was excited. "Okay."

I put my hands on his massive shoulders. "Go ahead and feel it first. Your cock is huge, so you'll need to stretch me a little bit."

He kept his eyes on mine as his hands spread my cheeks apart. His fingers wandered straight to my tight, little hole and he started toying with me.

Playing with my ass was the quickest way to turn me on, so in seconds I was moaning and letting my eyes roll back while Blaze started making circular motions on me with two of his fingers.

He licked three fingers and started pushing them inside me, slow and steady.

"Holy shit, holy shit," I moaned while my fingers raked through the back of his hair.

"Is that okay?" he asked.

"Fuck yes," I moaned. "Go deeper."

He pushed his fingers further inside me, stretching me. My cock leaked precome in my sweat pants. I was so fucking ready for his cock to be inside me my body was going to explode.

"You're so fucking hot, Trevor," he told me. "I wanna fuck you

hard."

He fingered me harder, and he squeezed my ass cheek so hard that he left a hand print on me.

"Let me fuck you already," he breathed into my ear.

I felt nervous. I thought that maybe I should just let him come on the couch. I didn't care if our parents found out. I just didn't want my butt to get destroyed. But I wanted to go all the way, ruin him through sex. My straight stepbrother, he could never say he didn't fuck me after this.

He worked in his three fingers deep inside me. It didn't hurt. It felt fucking amazing and I wanted them deeper. So I swallowed my fear and told him, "Do it, Blaze. Fuck me."

I knew that I couldn't let him go balls to the wall with my body, so I took a little more control before he could shove himself in me.

"Let me see your hand," I told him.

He gave me his free hand and I took his fingers to my mouth. I licked them and made them wet. "Now make your cock wet."

He stroked his shaft.

I licked my own fingers and toyed with my backside. In a minute I was soaked and ready for him.

"Blaze, I want you to know something," I whispered to him.

"Anything," he said.

I took a deep breath. As fearless as I felt before, I was a little scared now. "Blaze, this is my first time… getting fucked."

I could see a wild look in his eyes in the dim moonlight. He breathed heavy, so heavy and sudden it took me off guard. "You're so fucking hot, Trevor. Holy fuck, I've always wanted this."

I couldn't believe him. "What? You've…"

"Look, man. I've thought about this before. Two years ago… I was always, you know, curious about being with you like this."

His cock was pulsing against me, begging to get inside me.

"And you're a virgin? That's fucking hot!"

"Well, not completely…"

"Let me fuck you, Trevor. I need to. I need to fuck you now."

And I needed him to fuck me, too. I'd never wanted anyone or

anything so badly. Blaze was all mine, and I was going to let him take me as hard as he wanted.

It didn't feel like I was taking revenge anymore. It suddenly felt like, maybe I was the one getting taken.

I reached behind me and held onto his cock, and then I lined it up with my ass and sat down on it.

I was tight, and as I pushed myself on him we both groaned.

Then I felt the incredible sensation of his head sliding into me. I held still for a moment. Then I pushed myself lower. I took the first few inches of his shaft inside me and stopped. "Fuck, you're big."

"And you're fucking tight," he said with a grin. He gripped my ass and tried to lower me further on him.

I grabbed his shoulders. "No, don't. Let me do it."

I rode him only a few inches in and out at first, letting my body get used to him. But it seemed that in only a few minutes I was ready for more.

I went lower, and lower, until I felt him so deep inside me I could swear he was in my stomach. Thick and hot and throbbing in me. My body had never been so turned on. "Holy shit!" I whined.

He hushed me. "Not so loud, man. You'll wake our parents."

I grabbed the back of his hair. I clawed at him. I was in so much heat I was ready to holler and scream. I ignored him as he tried to silence me.

I rode his cock harder and faster. I took him deep and felt every inch of him. "Oh my-" I started to moan.

He covered my mouth.

I groaned into his palm.

"Shut the fuck up," he ordered.

I raked my nails down the skin of his arms.

I shook my head until his hand left my mouth. I grabbed his face and whispered. "Fuck me now!"

He grunted like a wolf. He grabbed me by my ass and rolled me off of his lap, his cock staying inside me.

He put me on my back across the couch, my legs up in the air with my sweat pants still on and my butt exposed for him.

Thank God I was flexible, because he pinned my legs up towards my chest. He was on top of me. He thrust into me, hard and deep.

My eyes rolled back in insane pleasure. My fingers raked into the couch and into his skin.

He breathed heavy and grunted. His body slammed against me. I could hear the couch rocking. I could feel his balls slapping against me. I could feel his cock pounding me.

"Fuck!" I cried out.

He smothered my cries with his palm again.

I couldn't stop myself.

He fucked me hard and made me explode. I came again and again, without even touching myself. My sweat pants were ruined and wet.

"Fuck," he whispered. “Trevor!”

He was close. I could feel him throb.

A final thrust, and he held still while his cock exploded into hot throbbing. His hot come filled inside me, and his orgasm seemed to last for a minute.

When it was done, he started to pull out. "Don't let it drip on the couch."

I raised my hips and he pulled out, and I quickly pulled my sweats over me.

"Holy shit," I whispered.

He wiped some sweat from his forehead, and then he leaned over me and smiled down at me. "That was amazing, Trevor. I can’t believe we just did that.”

We laughed with one another.

“That was really your first time?” he asked.

I nodded. “You really thought about fucking me back in high school?”

He laughed softly. “Yeah, I did. I never told you. I never told anyone.”

I patted his stomach, his rippling muscled stomach. "Come on, man. I gotta go shower off all this come." I sat up. "You were right. I feel like there's a gallon inside me."

He laughed. "Sorry. I didn’t mean to come that much. You just felt

so good…”

I rubbed his shoulder. "Don't be sorry. It was fucking fun."

He got his shorts back on, and we both went our separate ways for that night. When I showered, I swear it's like his come wouldn't stop draining out of me.

I’d never felt so high off of someone else before. My mind was racing with how hot Blaze was, how hot our sex had been. He was amazing, and he’d be home all summer!

I thought it would be a one time thing. I would get mine and move on, but Blaze had been a better hookup than I’d ever imagined. It was then, that I think I got addicted to him.

# THREE

The next day was Sunday, and like always our parents dragged us out to church.

Blaze and I didn't say a word to one another. But we passed glances and grinned at one another. My body still felt sore from our night's adventure.

At church…

Blaze looked handsome in his slacks and button up shirt. His hair was neat and styled. I kept checking him out while he sat there next to me in the church pew.

"We'd like to welcome back all our college students for the summer," the preacher said. Mr. Danson, he was the most annoying small town preacher in existence. He never liked me, and I always knew it was because I wasn't a typical football jock wannabe like the rest of the guys in this town. Mr. Danson liked young men like Blaze, big and strong and heterosexual.

I would laugh my ass off if Preacher Danson knew how hard my stepbrother had fucked me the night before.

"We are certainly glad to have you back," Preacher Danson said.

I was bold enough to slip my hand onto Blaze's thigh and squeeze him, only for a second.

He shifted in his seat. He loosened his tie and cleared his throat.

When I looked his way I saw him grinning back at me.

"I sure *am* glad to have you back," I whispered.

He nudged me. "Shut up."

He looked so good in his nice church clothes that I wanted to rip his button up off, grab his chest, throw him to the floor and ride him like a cowboy.

But I sat still and listened to Preacher Danson go on about how during this summer we need to encourage young people to steer clear of temptation. "Temptation will be all around you," he said. "Especially over summer. You don't have school to worry about. No homework and no classes, so you'll start to get bored and, let's be

honest folks, a little wild."

"Amen," one man said in the audience.

I almost snorted in laughter. I kept it as quiet as I could.

My father hit my leg. "Trevor," he whispered harshly, "knock it off."

I rolled my eyes and sighed. My father, always the stern man.

"Show some respect for once," my father ordered.

I could see a few people around us turn to see what the harsh voices were for.

If my father could hit me in public I know he would. But we were at church so he didn't dare.

The preacher kept complaining about the debauchery of today's youth and how sinful we were. All of his preaching made me want to take Blaze's cock in my ass in front of everyone just to make them mad.

Every second longer I spent in that small-minded small town made me want to run away more.

And one day I would, or I would die trying.

***

After the service, everyone hung around in the parking lot. In Crossroads, Alabama, on a Sunday, most didn't have anything better to do.

I stayed by myself near my father's car, wishing with all my might that I had my own car. I almost did. Four days a week I waited tables in town to save up for my own car, a shitty old Mustang out of the local junkyard. It was in terrible shape, but it was my dream car because it was in reach. And one day, I'd drive it out of town. I just knew it.

Blaze had his own ride, a country truck on huge wheels, but he was hanging around and talking to some of his high school football buddies. They were all fit and hot, the kind of guys I wanted to get tag teamed by. But they were all complete jerks, homophobic jerks, the

ones who had made fun of me when they were still in high school. And I bet at least half of them would fuck me if they had chance. At least, that's what I told myself.

Blaze caught me glancing at them, and I nervously darted my gaze. And then to my disbelief, I saw him walking over to me.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "I thought you hated being seen talking to me."

He laughed. "Trevor come on. That was high school. We're all grown up now. I don't care if anyone sees me talking to you." He punched my arm playfully. "You're my stepbrother after all."

I shrugged. "Yeah sure. But your friends still think I'm a dweeb."

Blaze looked back at his football buddies. "No, they're nicer now. We were just talking about going to play some football at the old high school field. Wanna come?"

Wanna come? I did want to come, but not in the way Blaze meant. I shook my head. "Blaze, I can't play football. You know that."

He seemed disappointed. "Alright. Well, I guess I'll catch you later tonight."

I watched him walk away. I watched him and his friends get into his truck and drive away, while I was left there waiting for my father to finish chatting with Preacher Danson about whatever the hell they were chatting about.

I wanted to go with Blaze, but I was positive they'd get tired of me or make fun of me. I was done with high school, anyway, so why would I want to hang out with guys that I hated back in school?

Because Blaze was with them. And I wanted to be with him more than I ever had.

"Shit," I muttered.

Last night was supposed to be a one-time thing. I would get mine and move in from him. But I couldn't fight off the old crush that was taking over again.

# FOUR

I stood in the kitchen that evening, helping Linda make dinner while my father sat on the couch in the living room watching football.

While I turned the oven off, I thought again how much more my father liked Blaze than me. The things my father said and did throughout the years – I knew if he could he'd trade me for Blaze. Even since he found out I liked women's shoes as a kid instead of sports… well he'd never really look at me or talked to me the same. He was never proud of me like most fathers. I was more of a burden than a son, at least that's how I felt.

But as I stared at him, I laughed to myself, knowing that his favorite stepson had fucked me like an animal right where he sat.

"Honey hand me the oven mitt," Linda said.

I snapped back to reality, but as I helped her finish dinner I couldn't help but think about Blaze and his friends. I wondered if they'd taken their shirts off by now while playing ball.

Damn, I was horny all the time. And I knew it'd be a long summer, especially with Blaze so close.

I was setting up the dinner table when Blaze finally came back. He was shirtless and drenched in sweat.

"Blaze, for God's sake," his mother said. "Get cleaned up and ready for dinner. We're about to eat."

Blaze took a quick glance my way, and as he turned to go down the hallway I saw him smiling like he knew just the sight of him was enough to drive me crazy.

I couldn't help myself. After teasing myself with the idea of him all damn day, I had to get some release from him.

"I'm gonna go, uh, check something in my bedroom," I told Blaze's mom.

She nodded. "Okay, honey."

But I didn't go to my bedroom.

I walked down the hallway to the bathroom where I heard the shower running, and I slipped inside.

Blaze was naked under the hot water. I could see him behind the clear shower curtain. He was rinsing off soap from his body, running his hands over his chest and stomach.

I drooled over him.

He turned away from me. He washed off his back and ass, and he bent forward to get his legs, giving me a perfect view.

"Fuck," I whispered to myself.

My stepbrother was too damn hot for his own good. I couldn't control myself around him.

I stepped forward and pulled back the shower curtain.

He stood up and turned around. "Holy shit, Trevor! What the fuck are you doing?" He didn't bother to cover anything up. He wiped the soap from his eyes and stared at me. His dick dangled like a glorious trophy in between his legs.

I knew that we only had a little time before our parents noticed we were both gone. So I dared to just go for it. I stripped off my clothes, and with a bouncing erection I stepped into the shower with Blaze.

"Trevor," he said, "what are you-"

I pushed him against the wall. "Shut up, Blaze." I ran my hand down his torso and then over his cock. "I want to swallow your come right now."

Immediately, his dick hardened in my hand.

"Trevor, this is crazy," he said.

But I got on my knees under the hot water and started to lick his shaft.

"Fuck," he moaned. He leaned back on the wall and put his hand behind my head. "Just make it quick, man."

"Yes sir," I said. I opened my mouth wide and slid his cock in. I felt his rod slide over my tongue, and I didn't stop until I felt him at the back of my throat.

I sucked his cock while cradling and massaging his balls.

"Oh my God," he moaned. "Fuck, you're good!"

I jerked my raging hard dick while letting him fuck my mouth.

I took a hold of his cock and stroked him hard and fast. I sucked

like my life depended on his come shot.

"Fuck," he said, "I'm gonna shoot."

I moaned with pleasure.

"Fuck!"

His cock throbbed in my mouth as I was suddenly flooded with hot semen. It was so much I gagged and took his cock out, and he kept shooting. It landed on over my face, warm and sticky.

I kept masturbating. My body convulsed and trembled as I came, while Blaze's cock slapped against my lips.

When it was done, I stood up with his come still on my face.

"Fuck, Trevor," he sighed. "You're insane." He wiped his come off of me and smiled.

"I know," I told him. "I just can't get enough."

We dried off and got dressed. I left before he did so our parents wouldn't catch us leaving together.

***

Twenty minutes later, we quietly ate dinner with our parents.

"Danson says he'll need some help at the church this summer," my father said. "Blaze, feel like making some cash? They're reconstructing one of the rooms and need some heavy lifting."

Blaze nodded. "Yeah sure. I can help out."

I wanted to groan. There Blaze was, the perfect son my father never had.

"What about Trevor?" Blaze asked. He looked my way. "Wanna help out, too?"

My father scoffed. "Oh please. Trevor doing heavy lifting? Don't make me laugh."

Blaze looked down. He felt bad he'd set me up for that embarrassment. My father had never been shy to point out my “sissy ways” or lack of skill to do hard labor. It took me back to when he’d called me out in little league baseball in front of the other boys, telling me I swung like a girly faggot. I didn’t make it through the season because of him, and it was the last sport I ever played.

My fists clenched under the table. "You know what? I would love to help out at the church." My nostrils flared as I spoke with determination. “I need to make some more money, anyway, if I want that Mustang.”

Everyone was quiet.

My father glared at me. He was surprised I'd spoken forcefully. “That’s right,” he said. “You’ll have to make more if you want to earn that car, son.” He spoke like he had already ordered me to work at the church.

I’d never once stood up against my father’s remarks, and now that I had I could feel the tension in the room, so thick it was almost suffocating.

Blaze wasn’t fazed by it. He cleared his throat. I could tell he was fighting back a smile. "Great. I'm sure it'll be a good time."

Our parents looked at one another.

Then without warning, I felt Blaze put his hand on my thigh and squeeze.

“It’ll be a *real* good time,” he said.

A twinge of excitement went through me as I looked his way. I caught his glance, and we both had a spark in our eyes.

I looked back down. "Yeah, it'll be real fun."

# FIVE

It was late that night, near midnight, and our parents had already gone to bed.

I was an 18 year old male, so like always, I thought about sex, but not just any sex this time. I started fantasizing about sex with Blaze. I imagined him slipping into my bedroom, and then...

As my imagination ran away with me, I took the toy I hid in my nightstand and used it on myself. I was close, real close to orgasm, when I heard a creaking out in the hallway, someone walking by.

I pulled the toy out of my body and hid it back in my nightstand.

I waited, and there was no noise. I started jerking off again, but then-

My bedroom door opened, silent and slow.

"Holy shit," I sat up quick.

I tucked my erect prick back into my boxers and squinted.

As the door opened, I saw it was Blaze sneaking inside my bedroom.

*Fuck*, I thought to myself. The gay gods heard my prayer of fantasy and sent Blaze in here to fuck my brains out again.

"Hey," Blaze whispered, "sorry. Didn't mean to scare to you." He closed the door quietly behind him. "You free to talk?"

I sat up and leaned against my headboard. "Yeah, and I'm free to do other stuff, too."

He laughed under his breath. "Trevor you're crazy. How are you always ready to, you know, do it?"

I shrugged. He couldn't see it in the dark, but I flashed him a flirtatious grin. "I'm just lucky that way."

He ran his fingers over his head. "Alright, well that's not why I'm here."

"Dude just come sit on the bed," I said to him. "What do you want?"

Blaze walked forward through the dark. As he sat on the bed next to me I noticed he wasn't wearing anything but boxers. And instantly

my mind started to wander.

"I just wanted to tell you that you don't have to help out at the church if you don't want to," he said to me. "I know your dad is hard on you, but you don't have to do anything to get his approval."

I sighed. "I don't want his approval, Blaze."

"Then what do you want?"

I bit my lip. "Your cock back inside me." I reached forward and rubbed his thigh.

Blaze shifted on the bed. I heard him gulp. But he didn't move away from me. "Trevor, be serious with me for a minute."

I rolled my eyes. “Serious? Really, man?”

“Yes,” he said. “Look, I know we never really talked back in high school.”

“That’s damn right,” I said while folding my arms.

“Well that was then, Trevor,” he said. “I’m not trying to be some cool guy anymore. The way I acted back then, the way I just let other people make fun of you, I shouldn’t have done that. And I’m sorry.”

I didn’t know what to say. These were words I never thought I’d hear from his mouth.

“But I wanna be here for you now, Trevor. I wanna be nice to you, like stepbrothers should be.”

I hesitated, but I gave into him. "Fine, Blaze. Fine. I don't care about getting my dad's approval. I’m never going to get that. I accepted that long ago. What I care about, is proving him wrong."

Blaze stared at me. "By helping with construction at the church?"

I nodded. "He doesn't think I do anything. He doesn't think that I can do anything with my hands, that I don't do hard work. We'll I'm going to prove him wrong. I'm going to help you guys redo that room at the church and then he'll see that I'm capable of more than just, well whatever he thinks I'm good at. Which is nothing."

Blaze nodded. He put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed. "Okay, man. I'll help you out anyway I can. I just wanted you to know that I'm here for you. I mean, we're family after all. You can always count on me."

I smiled. "Thank you, Blaze. Can I count on you to do something

for me right now?"

He lowered his voice. "Trevor, if you're talking about what I think you're talking about..."

I put my hand on the back of his neck. I looked him in the eyes and whispered. "I'm talking about you fucking me again, right now." I put my hand in between his legs and felt his half hard prick in his boxers.

He breathed heavy and started to pant. “Why are you like this? Why is it so easy for you to just hook up?”

“Because I know that life is short.” I squeezed his prick harder. “And I decided a long time ago I wasn’t going to be some scared little shit that would never go after what he wanted. And what I want right now, is you.”

He grabbed my hand and froze, squeezing my wrist tight in his grip.

"Do you want to?" I asked.

He didn’t answer with words. He shoved me away from him and then got on top of me as I lay down on my bed. He pinned me down. He breathed like a wolf pouncing on prey.

I loved the way he responded so quickly to my touch. It made me feel like the sexiest thing in existence.

“I swear I fucking hate you sometimes, Trevor,” he growled. “Making me feel things I shouldn’t be feeling.”

“Welcome to my world - stepbrother,” I egged him.

He pushed my wrists down above my head. "You sure you can take it again?"

I fought his hands off of me. I slowly rolled over onto my stomach, staying underneath him. I felt his erection against my body. He was already raging hard.

"Stop talking, big guy," I told him. "I already warmed myself up before you got here. So fuck me already."

He pinned my shoulders down and breathed heavy. He leaned over me and whispered into my ear, "You shouldn't talk like that, Trevor."

I loved his aggression. "Oh yeah, why not?" I reached behind me

and grabbed the back of his head. I ran my fingers through his short hair. "What are you gonna do about it?"

He bit the tip of my ear and grunted. "I guess I'm going to have to fuck that attitude out of you."

He leaned up.

I stayed down on my stomach, my body waiting in hot anticipation.

He grabbed my boxers and tore them off of me. He literally fucking tore them from my hips and yanked them off of me, and then he tossed them aside.

"Fuck," I whispered. I grabbed onto the sheets. I knew this was going to be good."

He bit the skin of my back and went lower. I felt his teeth on my bum, biting and teasing me.

"Fuck," I said louder.

"Do you remember a few years ago?" he asked. "I told you that I could help you with your math homework, but you always hated me, so do you remember what you said when I offered you help?"

I bit my lip. I remembered exactly what I'd said. "I told to you eat me."

He squeezed my ass, and then suddenly he spread my cheeks. "That's right, Trevor."

Next thing I knew, his tongue lodged into my ass. My neck jolted up and I arched my back up until my chest was off the mattress. The sensation hit me hard and fast, so good my toes curled.

"Fuck yes," I groaned.

My eyes rolled back. My fingers curled into the sheets. I started to drip precome onto my bed sheets as Blaze's tongue dipped into the most sensitive part of my body.

His tongue was strong and fast. It wiggled inside me and teased me until I squirmed on my bed in heat.

I bit some of my sheets into my mouth and tugged at them so hard I thought I might tear them.

After minutes of eating me out, he came back up and lay on top of me. He bit my ear again and whispered. "Your ass tastes like

strawberries."

I grinned. It was the lube I used on myself a minute before he came into my bedroom. "I told you, I already warmed myself up. Wanna see what I was going to use?"

He squeezed my hips. "Fuck yeah. Show me."

I reached out from under him and to my nightstand. From the top drawer I got out my pink dildo. "This is what I use when I don't have any real dick to fuck me."

He took it and felt it in his hand. "This is it? Trevor, I thought you liked big dick."

I smiled. "I fucking love big dick."

"I need to give you some then." He bit my ear again and this time held it in between his teeth.

He ran the tip of the dildo down my back and then teased me by pressing it against my hole.

"Fuck," I whimpered.

He slid it in, going halfway, then pulled it out.

I turned my head to find him licking the dildo and sucking on it.

I grinned. "You like the way I taste?"

He smiled back at me. "Fuck yeah. Now come here. I'm gonna get you ready for my cock."

He pushed my face down onto the bed. Then he grabbed my hips and raised them up.

I lay there in helpless ecstasy as he started fucking me deep with the pink dildo. I moaned and writhed. I muffled my whimpering into the bed sheets.

"Yeah that's it," he groaned. "Your ass fucking loves getting fed."

He turned me on more than anything on earth. I never would've guessed how dirty, how filthy Blaze could be.

"Oh God," I cried. "Blaze put your cock in me. I need it now. Come on!"

He put his hand on the back of my head and pushed me down. "Shut up, Trevor. I'll give you my cock. But you gotta be quiet. Alright?"

I answered muffled into the mattress. "Yes sir."

He slid the dildo out and dropped it beside me. He stood up on the bed and stripped off his boxers.

I stayed laid down with my ass up in the air for his taking.

He squeezed me, and then I felt the head of his cock sliding into me. It stretched me and made my whole body quiver.

"Fuck," I whimpered. I clawed and bit at the sheets, but I was in so much mind-blowing pleasure I didn't think I could contain my noise.

He pushed himself in halfway. Then he pulled out and started fucking me slow and deep.

"God damn it you're so tight," he moaned. "It feels so fucking good!"

He thrust harder and faster into me.

My cock was rigid and throbbing and dripping precome. I couldn't touch myself. If I did I knew I'd come instantly with the way he was drilling my ass.

I leaned up, getting onto all fours.

He grabbed the back of my head and pulled my hair while slamming me.

My mouth opened. My eyes rolled back. I'd never felt a harder rush of adrenaline. Blaze was fucking amazing and he was fucking me.

"Fuck!" he moaned.

He stopped for a moment. "Damn it your ass is gonna make me come already, Trevor."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't say anything. He had literally fucked the ability to speak right out of me. He'd fucked my brains out.

He fucked me slower and still went deep.

But I couldn't take it slow. I needed him to pound me. So I started moaning, and then I rocked back and forth fast and hard on his cock. I was going to make him fuck me hard if he wanted to or not.

"Shit," he said. "Aw shit, Trevor. If you ride me like that I'm gonna come."

"Shut the fuck up, Blaze," I finally said with my eyes closed. "Give me your cock now!"

I grabbed onto the bed and rode him. He stayed still and held onto my hips.

My body raced and revved. I was ready to explode.

I leaned up and reached one hand behind me. I held onto the back of Blaze's head. He started biting and licking my neck.

I jerked myself and whipped my body against him, taking his manhood as deep as I could. I could feel it throb and pulse inside me.

Another minute, and then my body seized and convulsed. I could feel myself tighten around his shaft. I shot load after load of come over my bed while he held his hand over my mouth to muffle my crying.

When I was done, I nearly collapsed.

Blaze pushed me back down. I lay down, my ass still begging for more of him.

He slipped back inside and kept me pinned down. He bit my shoulder. His hands were on top of mine, and he mingled his fingers in between mine and squeezed them.

He fucked me hard until with a final thrust he shot and exploded with juice inside me.

It felt so good I came again while he was still coming.

When he was done, he rested his body on top of mine, keeping his hard dick inside me.

We breathed heavy.

He kissed my neck. "Fuck, Trevor. You're the best sex I've ever had."

I felt so good I could've fallen asleep right there, naked with my stepbrother on top and inside of me, in a pool of our come.

*He's just as freaky as I am*, I thought. For the first time in my life, I didn't feel so alone. When Blaze was with me, I felt at ease, like I could breathe easier. But maybe that was just the afterglow.

Blaze closed his eyes and exhaled a deep breath. "Trevor, I'm glad we finally found out how bad we wanted each other. For a long time I felt like a bad guy, ashamed for wanting you like I did."

I lay still, letting his whispered words pour over me like a soft, warm rain. Something was happening within me, something stirring, emotions I had never felt before. I was high with him… I was… I was starting to grow very fond of Blaze.

# SIX

For the next few weeks I felt like a completely different man.

I helped Blaze and his friends work on the church construction, which shocked anyone that knew about it because my reputation was being lazy and rebellious. Even Preacher Danson seemed stunned when I'd show up with Blaze to work.

I started running more and even lifting some weights with Blaze at the local gym. He and I started hanging out like friends. Those days of avoiding each other seemed long ago and back in high school.

Even Blaze's buddies started to talk to me more, and I had to bite my tongue to keep my opinions of them to myself. They would still sometimes talk about "queers" and "faggots," and I'd just sit there, fantasizing about smashing a bottle over their heads. Some of them were hot like Blaze, but he was still the hottest of the group.

One thing I never expected was to catch one of his friends undressing me with his eyes. I had to keep it to myself when I'd catch him checking me out while we were working at the church.

It was a hot afternoon, and I took my shirt off to wipe some sweat off. I caught Blaze's friend Ricky drooling over me while I wiped sweat off my chest.

When Ricky saw me staring back, he looked away and pretended like he hadn't done it.

I just smiled and rolled my eyes. Straight guys, at least guys who thought they were straight, were so much fun to mess with.

I wanted to see just how uncomfortable I could make Ricky feel, so I walked over to the unsuspecting guy.

Ricky was built and fit like Blaze. They worked out together and played sports together. Besides me, Blaze spent most of his time with this guy. Ricky had a tan and dark black hair. He grew our a goatee over summer, making him look like a hot young Spaniard.

"Hey Ricky," I said to him. "Will you hand me that water bottle?"

He gulped nervously and looked around. "What water bottle?"

I walked around him, making sure to brush against him. "This

one." Then I bent over slow and picked up the water bottle off the floor. As I turned and drank from it, I caught Ricky staring at me.

"Oh," he said nervously. "That one."

I winked at him. "Thanks anyway."

I didn't want to fuck Ricky, but it was fun to mess with him.

***

As the weeks went on, I started getting more and more attached to Blaze, and that scared a loner like me.

Blaze was just a toy, I kept telling myself. I was using him. He didn't mean anything to me.

That was until a Monday night.

Blaze drove us back from the church after we'd been working on it all day. He parked his truck in front of the house in the yard like always.

It was late. The lights of the house were off, and our parents were asleep.

Like a reflex, I reached across the passenger seat and groped Blaze on his crotch. "Damn, I've been thinking about sucking this cock all damn day."

But he pushed my hand away from him. "Not tonight, man."

"What do you mean?" I leaned back and cocked my head. "You don't want a blowjob? Blaze Knight doesn't want some head? Come on, man. This is what we do. We go work at the church, then we fuck. Come on. I'm horny as hell right now." I reached for his crotch again.

He moved away from me. "Then go jerk yourself, Trevor. I mean it. I'm not in the mood right now."

I sat still. When I realized he wouldn't give in, I slouched back in my seat. "Well fine then. What the fuck else are we supposed to do?

Just sit in your truck?"

"You can go in if you want."

I looked at him, studied him. He was stoic and staring forward at the house.

"Why aren't you going in?" I asked.

"Because I'm not okay," he snapped.

"Jesus, sorry," I mumbled. I was about to reach for my door handle.

"I've got a lot on my mind right now," he said.

I should've left. I was Blaze's piece of ass, not his shoulder to cry on. But I stayed. "What's wrong?"

"Trevor, can I ask you something? Something personal?"

I laughed. "After everything we've done, I think so."

He shook his head. "This isn't about sex, man. I'm serious."

I stopped smiling and cleared my throat. "Okay, sure. Yeah."

He looked forward. "Do you ever feel, different? I mean, like you're alone in the whole world?" He sighed. "Fuck, that sounds stupid."

"No," I told him. "I know what you mean. I've felt different my whole life."

"Because you're gay."

"I never said I was gay," I said fast. My face felt hot and turned red. I was embarrassed. I had fucked Blaze more times than I could count and I was embarrassed to say I was gay?

Blaze laughed a little. "Trevor, come on, man." He stared at me.

I glared back at him. Then I folded my arms and leaned against the window. "I've never said it out loud to anyone before."

"I don't care if you are," he said.

"Whatever," I mumbled. "And what about you, Blaze? You really love my ass for such a straight guy."

He looked away. "You've got a great ass, man. And I gotta be honest, sex with you is the hottest sex I've ever had."

I bit my lip and smiled, fighting my urge to cheer with triumph.

"But I still love pussy," Blaze said.

I rolled my eyes. "Sure you do."

"No really, I do. Sometimes when I think about women when we're, you know..."

"Fucking?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yeah."

What an asshole, I thought. But I stayed quiet. "Yeah right. I fuck better than any woman can."

He chuckled at my cockiness.

For a moment we stayed quiet.

"So why do you feel so different then?" I asked. "Why are you alone in the world?"

He shrugged. "I don't know, man. I'm not like all my other friends. I don't wanna just settle down in this town and do nothing with my life. I wanna get out, you know. And hooking up with you all the time..."

"What about it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "Maybe I'm a different kind of straight."

"Maybe you're bi," I suggested.

He looked back at me. "I don't know. Maybe I am. Maybe this is just a phase for me. All I know is when I'm with you, man..." His eyes stayed on mine, but he didn't finish.

I gulped. My hands were shaking and I felt nervous. Why the hell was I nervous?! "When you're with me..." I said.

He stared at me a moment longer. "Nothing." Then he sat up straight. "Hey, you haven't told anyone about us have you?"

I grinned and spoke soft. "Just online. I posted a few videos."

He glared at me, and when be realized I was joking he punched me in the arm. "Asshole."

We both laughed.

And it got quiet again.

He looked me in the eyes. "Did we just have a moment, Trev?"

"Trev?" I asked. "You're calling me Trev now?"

He spoke soft. "Maybe I am. And you can't stop me."

My heart fluttered a little. He made me breathe faster. "You can call me that. Just don't tell anyone."

He smiled. "You got it... Trev."

"And what do I get to call you?"

He laughed and shoved me. "Whatever the fuck I tell you to call me."

"Is that so?" I pushed him back.

"Yeah, Trev."

We started wrestling playfully across the truck seat.

He let me get the upper hand. I pinned him back against the driver window and stayed on top of him.

We both paused, breathing heavy and staring at one another.

"You know what we've never done before?" he asked.

"What?"

He grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me towards his face. He paused, holding me still.

My heart pounded. I could barely breathe. I could hardly think.

Blaze looked at me like he was deciding whether or not to do it.

He's not going to, I thought. He would never.

He tilted his head and drew me to him.

"Holy fuck," I whispered as my eyes closed.

Our lips met. He kissed me, gentle and slow. He pulled back and looked into my eyes, seeing if I'd let him keep going.

I went back in for more.

Our lips pressed against each other. Warm and wet. His fingers ran through the back of my hair. I climbed onto his lap and pulled his face to mine like we couldn't get close enough.

We were kissing so hard we couldn't breathe, until I pulled away.

No, I thought. What are you doing?

Blaze caught his breath.

I sat back down in the passenger seat.

Our moment of unbridled passion was over, and neither of us knew how to act.

Blaze wiped his mouth. He took a deep breath. "So, uh, yeah..." He laughed a little. "You're a good kisser, too, Trev."

My face was hot. My hands were shaking. I wanted to jump out of his truck and run away as far as possible. I didn't say a word.

"Are you okay?"

Before I could answer, Blaze's cell phone started to ring.

He hesitated before getting it out of his pocket. He looked at the screen. "That's Ricky. I think they're going to the bar tonight." He let the ringing stop and looked back at me. "Wanna go? They can sneak us some beers."

I opened my door fast. "No. I gotta go."

"Trevor, wait."

He got out of the truck and watched me walk for the front door of the house. "Why not?"

"I don't want to," I said without looking back. "Just go."

I went inside the house, and after a few minutes I heard his truck engine as he drove away. I leaned against the front door and breathed a sigh of relief.

Blaze was just a toy to me. I was a loner. And I was going to leave this town and everyone in it. I didn't want to be attached to Blaze.

# SEVEN

Blaze and I were like rabbits over those next few weeks. We weren't romantic with one another. When we weren't fucking we acted like buddies, like brothers really. But then at night, when no one else was around, we'd go to town on one another.

That's the way I kept it. No romance. I couldn't handle that.

There was one evening, weeks after we started hooking up... Blaze's mother had left to visit his aunt, and my father had left to go fishing with Preacher Danson. So Blaze and I had the house completely to ourselves when we got back from working at the church.

"So, Trev," he said as he walked into the living room.

I sat there on the couch, flipping through a book I was reading, waiting for Blaze to get out of the shower so we could finally fuck.

Blaze stepped into the living room, wearing only a towel around his waist. "Looks like we are both cleaned up now."

I grinned. "Looks like it."

I closed my book, and then I slid off all of my clothes and dropped onto my hands and knees on the floor. "And we have the whole house to ourselves."

Blaze kicked his lips. "Yes we do, Trev."

I crawled to him and stopped before him, on my knees and grabbing the edge of his towel. "So we can fuck wherever we want."

He put his hand on the back of my head. "Yes we can."

I undid his towel and it dropped to his ankles. His rod stood up and hard, almost smacking my face.

"Where do you wanna fuck me today?" I asked before running the tip of my tongue under his shaft. Then I licked his freshly clean and shaven balls. They were huge as always.

Blaze moaned, running his fingers through my hair. "I'm gonna fuck you right here, in the living room."

I smiled. "Good." I wrapped my lips around his cock and started slobbering over it. In no time he was hard and throbbing in my

mouth.

"Fuckin' a," he moaned. "Get up here." He grabbed my shoulders and stood me up to my feet. Then he hoisted me into his big arms and wrapped my legs around his waist.

We made out with one another while he held me. My arms wrapped around his shoulders. His hands squeezed my butt, and then he ventured to my clean little asshole with his fingers.

"This is my favorite little pussy," he said to me with a smile.

I reached down beneath me and found his cock and stroked him. "This is my favorite cock."

"I've got an idea. Don't squirm or I'll drop you."

"What the fuck are you-" And before I finished my sentence Blaze tossed me up and flipped me upside down. I yelped in surprise, but he caught me held onto me. I put my hands on his hips. My legs were spread and wrapped around his neck. "Holy shit!"

My ass was at his face, and his cock was at mine.

"Suck me," he ordered. Then I felt his tongue dive into my ass.

"Oh fuck," I said. It was hard to concentrate with his tongue working its magic on me, but I managed to start sucking on his huge member.

It was thrilling as hell, the way he held me upside me down. I pretty much had no choice but to gobble down on his dick.

In no time I could taste his precome. "Fuck, Blaze, this is amazing."

After a few minutes he flipped me back over. He'd left my asshole dripping wet, perfect for him to slide his cock into me as I held onto him.

"Aw fuck!" I cried out as he slid inside. I raked my nails across his shoulders.

"Yeah, that's it," he groaned. "You can be as loud as you want now, Trevor. Daddy isn't home."

He lifted me up and down onto his cock. It hurt at first, but in a few seconds it sent tingles through my body. "Fuck, Blaze. Your cock always feels so fucking huge!"

He put his lips on mine and made out with me. He grunted and

growled and squeezed my butt as he fucked me harder and faster.

"This is fucking amazing," I said with closed eyes and lips still touching his.

"You're fucking amazing," he groaned. "Yeah, I think I'm already close."

I kissed him. "Go ahead, baby, we have all day."

He stopped. His eyebrows raised. "Baby?"

I breathed heavy. His cock pulsed inside me. But I knew I'd said the wrong thing. Baby? We weren't lovers, just fuck buddies. But were we just that? From the look on Blaze's face I could tell he didn't know how to react to it.

But that's when the front door unlocked and someone started to open it.

"Fuck!" Blaze whispered.

He almost dropped me, and I almost fell from his grip when I turned around to see who it was.

But he kept me in his strong arms and laid me down onto the couch quick.

It was my father. He walked in through the front door. He wore his fishing boots and gear, and then he wore a puzzled expression as he looked upon Blaze who had one knee on the couch.

All my father could see of Blaze was his top half, so all he knew for sure was that Blaze wasn't wearing a shirt. My father couldn't see me lying across the cushions, and he couldn't see that I was butt ass naked, legs spread and lined up with Blaze's throbbing dick.

"Blaze?" my father asked. "What are you doing?"

Blaze wiped some sweat from his forehead. "Oh hey Mike," he said nervously. "I was just uh, you know, doing some push-ups."

My father chuckled. "Blaze you're crazy. Always trying to work out." Then I heard his heavy boots as he walked through the living room.

"What are you doing, Mike?"

"Just came to get a few beers," my father answered.

"Beers?" Blaze asked. "Mike, I thought you weren't-"

"Stay out of it, Blaze," my father grumbled. "You sound like your

mother. It’s just a few beers. It’s fine. I know when to stop.”

I know I should've stayed still and waited for my father to leave. But I was even more aroused at this opportunity to fuck my father's favorite stepson right in front of him without him knowing.

I started by toying with my ass. While I fingered myself my eyes stayed on Blaze and his amazing body.

Blaze’s cock was still rock hard, aimed right at my hole, and it throbbed like it begged to be inside me.

"Where's Trevor at? I was gonna ask him something," my father said as he looked in the fridge for his beer.

Blaze held onto the back of the couch. He glanced at me, and then looked nervously back to the kitchen. "Uh I don't know. He's not here in the house."

I smiled. This was so exciting and dangerous. I knew I had to have Blaze now while my father was so close.

I grabbed Blaze’s cock and guided it back to asshole.

Blaze looked at me in fear and excitement. He bit his lip, looked me in the eyes and shook his head like he was asking me not to do it.

But I wanted it so bad.

I wiggled myself down the cushion, and then I slid Blaze’s cock into my hole and started grinding on him.

"Fuck," Blaze grunted. His eyes rolled back and closed.

"What was that?" my father asked.

Blaze opened his eyes. He had to try hard to keep himself from moaning. As he spoke he started slowly fucking me. "Uh, nothing, sir. Nothing. I just coughed."

"Hmm, okay." My father didn't think anything of it.

I raised my hips up for Blaze. He held one hand on the back of the couch, and his other hand squeezed my hip while he fucked me faster.

"Oh my God," he groaned quietly.

"You know Blaze," my father said, "maybe I should get my lucky lure from my bedroom."

Blaze waved his hand at my father. "No, you don't need it, sir. Save it for a special occasion." Blaze couldn't help but start to buck his hips forward and fuck me deep and hard.

I had to put a pillow over my face to stop from moaning too loud. I bit it into it while jerking myself. I knew Blaze was going to make me come.

"Eh I suppose you're right," my father said. "I'll just save it for another time."

"Sounds good sir," Blaze moaned.

"You okay, son?" my father asked. "You sound strange."

Blaze squeezed my hip so hard he left a hand print. He fucked me fast. "Yes sir," he said. His eyes were closed. "I just, uh, uh," and then he whispered, "that feels so fucking good."

My father went back to the fridge to get some food.

Blaze's cock pounded me as I started to come all over my stomach. I bit the pillow hard so my father wouldn't hear me having an orgasm. And the fact that he was right there in the kitchen made it that much more of a thrill.

Blaze's face scrunched as he tried to hold himself back from shooting. But he couldn't stop himself.

"Blaze," my father said. "You boys are almost about done with the church construction right?"

"Yes sir," Blaze said. His eyes closed and he fucked me as deep as he could. "Oh yes sir," moaned. "Yes, aw yes!"

He thrust once more, and then I felt his cock throb as he shot what felt like a gallon of come inside me.

My father closed the fridge and turned around to see Blaze nearly collapsing out of orgasm exhaustion. Blaze panted and sweated.

"Blaze are you alright?"

Blaze wiped some sweat from his forehead and chest. "Yeah I'm fine, sir. Just uh, just working out."

I rubbed my hand up and down the lower part of Blazes stomach. I loved the hairs on his skin and the rippled feel of his abs. I could still feel him pulsing inside my body.

"Okay," my father said. "Well I'm headed back out to the lake. You tell Trevor I need to talk to him sometime."

Blaze nodded my father's way as he walked out the front door. "Will do sir."

The front door closed and my father was gone.

Blaze let out a deep breath and smiled at me. "Your father wants to talk to you today." Then he collapsed on top of me.

To my surprise, he started kissing me and sliding his tongue over mine. "That was great."

I ran my fingers through the back of his hair. "Sure was."

And in the back of my mind, I kept replaying the moment I'd called him *baby*. I wished to God I hadn't have done that.

# EIGHT

That night Blaze was leaving to hang out with his friends.

I stood in his bedroom doorway, watching him get dressed in some fitting jeans and a nice button up shirt.

"Where are you going?" I asked. I pretended to be more interested in the book that was in my hand while I leaned in his doorway, but in my mind – I wanted to get dressed up and go with him, be his date, be that person on his arm that guys like to show off. But I kept my mouth shut and did my best to block those thoughts from drowning my head.

"The guys are going out to the Barn Yard," he answered. He seemed different, nervous maybe. He buttoned up the last of the buttons on his shirt, and he stared at himself in the mirror of his bedroom.

"Sounds cool, going to that bar again," I said. I had no idea how else to respond.

He looked at my reflection in the mirror for a moment, just for a moment, before looking back at his own reflection. He moved his fingers through his hair, making sure the gel he'd set in it was right. "Yeah, it'll be nice."

I shifted away from the doorway. I thought about leaving and going to the living room like I'd planned before I caught him getting dressed, but I just couldn't tear myself away.

I knew I couldn't tear myself away because I wanted to go with him so badly, but I had to keep screaming in my head that this was my *step-brother*, my freaking *straight step-brother*! He wasn't my boyfriend, not my lover. I didn't want to feel the way I did about him.

Finally, he turned around and walked towards me. He half-smiled when he got to the doorway. "If you don't mind, Trev, I gotta get out now."

I grinned. That twinge of excitement and playfulness sparked within me. I stood up straight and looked into his eyes. "And what if I don't?"

He fought back a bigger smile. For a second he met my gaze, but

he turned his eyes away and sighed. “Trevor, come on. I gotta go meet the guys.”

I wouldn’t take a hint, though. “Well what are you will to do to get out, Blaze?”

“Trevor,” he suddenly barked.

I startled. My grin disappeared, and I realized he wasn’t playing around now.

For a few seconds we stood silent and still, neither one of us knowing what to do now that I’d aggravated him.

Then I cleared my throat, looked down at the floor and stepped aside. “Sorry. Uh, sure, go ahead. Go be with your friends.”

Blaze sighed. I could tell he regretted getting angry, but he couldn’t help it and I didn’t blame him for it.

He stepped into the hallway, around me, and he was about to walk down the hall towards the living room when he stopped, right next to me.

I stayed still. I didn’t want to say anything that would provoke him. I didn’t want him to hate me. He was the only real friend I’d ever had, even if it was in secret.

He turned his body towards me, but his eyes stayed down. “Trevor, I… I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to-”

I shook my head. I didn’t need him to apologize. I wasn’t mad, but I also didn’t want to tease myself with the thought that he’d stay at the house and hang out with me, instead of going to be with his cooler, straighter friends. It felt like high school all over again.

“Blaze, just go,” I interrupted him.

He didn’t move.

I could feel his eyes on me.

“Trevor,” he started to say.

“Blaze, just go. Go have fun. I’m busy anyway.” I took a last glance at him before forcing myself to turn and retreat to my bedroom.

And eventually Blaze finally left. I watched his truck pull out of the driveway from my bedroom window.

And then I was alone again. But that was okay because I was good

at being alone. That was my life – being alone.

I put on some music to drown out the silence. I sat in my bed and read a book, some stupid little book. I read it faster and faster, hoping the words would force thoughts of Blaze out of my head.

***

About an hour later, there was a knock on my bedroom door.

I didn't hear it at first. I'd forced myself into the book I'd been reading so vigorously that I couldn't pay attention to anything else.

Another knock on my door, harder and louder.

I looked up, still not sure I'd heard one. "Yes?"

The door opened a small way. "Trevor, it's me."

*Holy shit*, I thought. *Dad? What the hell does he want?*

"Uh, okay," I answered. "Come in?"

My father opened the door carefully as if it were attached to a bomb wire.

I knew exactly why he did this. It was a few years back when he'd come barging into my room, mad at me for not doing some of my chores. It was evening, and when he'd come barging in to give me a stern talking-to, he instead found me naked and masturbating . He ran straight out and I never heard a word about that day's chores I'd missed. And ever since, he was careful when he came into my bedroom.

I sat forward on my bed. "Dad, what's wrong?"

My father stood in the doorway and slid his hands into his pockets. "Nothing, Trevor. Nothing at all."

I stood up, feeling like a soldier standing at attention for his officer. That was how rigid my father was, though. He always made me feel like I should salute him in his presence.

"Then," I said, "… uh, what's up?" I shrugged.

My father walked into the room. "You can sit down, Trevor. I just wanted to talk to you real quick."

*Shit*, I thought. I remembered what he'd told Blaze earlier that afternoon, that he wanted to talk to me. He had told me this while Blaze was fucking me senseless. I remembered it, and I started to worry that he knew about it somehow. My stomach dropped into a pit

of nerves. I gulped. “Yes. What about?”

My father kept his hands on his knees and sat next to me. It felt bizarre being that close to him. He hadn’t so much as hugged me in what seemed like half a decade.

“I just wanted to say…” he started. Whatever it was, it seemed difficult for him to get out.

*That I’m kicked out of the house,* I thought. *That he’s tired of looking at me. He’s tired of me not being a typical straight guy. What the hell is he going to say?!* My hands were starting to sweat with nervousness.

“I’m proud of you,” he said.

Everything in my head went silent. I just stared back at my father. I’d never been more confused or more surprised by him. I hadn’t heard a compliment from him in years, and now this?

*What the fuck*, I thought.

“Uh…” I said. “Thanks?”

“You’ve been helping out a lot getting the construction work at the church done,” he continued. “And I’ll be honest with you, son. I didn’t think you had it in you to even hammer one nail into a post, but you proved me wrong.”

*Well shit, Dad, thanks for the backhanded compliment*. I wanted to roll my eyes. I looked down at my hands, the same hands my father saw, these damn “sissy” hands that he assumed probably couldn’t even open a doorknob if it was too “icky” and rusted.

“Okay,” I said. “Thank you.”

He patted my knee. “It’s good to see you growing up, Trevor. I have to admit, for a long time I thought you were, well, how do I say this?”

*Fuck*, I thought. I knew exactly where he was going.

“I thought you were queer.”

I pursed my lips together. Yep, that was exactly what I thought he’d say.

I sighed. “Nope, Dad. No…” I took a moment to clear my throat. “No sissy queer, here.”

My father smiled at me and patted my leg once more. There was the faint smell of whiskey on his breath. I thought about asking him if

he'd been drinking, but I'd done that before many times, and I knew he wouldn't talk about it.

I wanted to tear his mustache right off his face. This was my father, the flesh and blood that gave me life, and part of me truly hated him.

"Alright, son. That's all I wanted to say. I think you deserved to hear it." He stood up from the bed. "Maybe after you're done with the church you can help me start the new fence I'm puttin' up around the backyard."

*I'd rather get fucked by a cactus*, I thought. But instead I smiled back at my father. "Sure, Dad."

He nodded to me and left, closing the door behind him.

I lay back in my bed and groaned. "Fuck!"

So that was it? My father was proud of me as long as I wasn't some sissy little queer?

The butterflies in my stomach felt fucking angry.

What would happen when my father found out I was gay? He would eventually have to find out. There's no way in hell I was going to let myself end up like one of the men that keeps their love of dick under-wraps their entire life.

I refused to act straight.

I refused to get into a fake marriage to some "beard" just to prove to the rest of my family that I could be normal like them.

And yet, something I always wanted in my life was for my father to be proud of me, and there he was, saying that he was proud of me. For being something that I wasn't.

I knew it then, that eventually my father would have to know, and that eventually whatever fragile relationship we had would have to change… change or die.

I went to the closet. I hid all the cash I had saved in there. Bundles it up and kept in an old suitcase. It'd taken me years, and I'd saved up almost five thousand dollars. It was enough to get my Mustang and get out of this damn town.

I didn't know how much longer I could live there, and as I recounted my cash, I could taste freedom getting closer.

# NINE

It was a Monday night.

I was at the church with Blaze and Ricky, working on getting the drywall shaped and fit into the new service room.

Blaze and I hadn't spoken much since our last conversation in the hallway outside his bedroom. He'd been avoiding me, at least I think. I know for sure I'd been avoiding him.

I didn't want to feel anything for Blaze. I had to keep reminding myself that he was off limits emotionally, and that anything started with him would have to come to a crashing end. So I tried to keep my distance for a few days.

But holy shit was it hard not to feel the temptation that Monday night in the Sunday school room.

It was hot, summer heat hot, and we had a fan blowing around us, but it didn't stop the three of us from sweating like dogs.

Blaze wore a white T-shirt and jeans, and his white shirt quickly became dirty from the dry wall. He sweat so much that parts of it became see-through.

*Damn it*, I thought as my eyes wandered over his body. *I have to work with him looking like this*?

I tried to focus at the work table, cutting the dry wall pieces into the right shape and size, but fuck! I just wanted to throw Blaze to ground and ride him like a bucking bronco. For the last hour I'd had a half-erection, and I kept puckering my asshole while thinking about him slamming me.

*He's got that big tool*, I thought. *That big fucking cock in between his legs, just dangling in his jeans. I bet he hasn't come in days and he needs to. I bet-*

"Trevor?" Ricky asked. "What the fuck are you doing?"

I startled. I looked down, and I realized I'd been standing still for a minute. I wiped the drool from my mouth and looked nervously between the two.

Ricky stood in one corner with his hands on his hips. He glared at

me.

Blaze stood at the opposite corner. He grinned at me, knowing that my eyes had been on him. And that bastard wanted to toy with me.

"I uh, well I…" I stammered.

Blaze watched me squirm with satisfaction. "Yeah, Trevor…" He crossed his arms over his shirt, grabbed it and then lifted it off of his body. He wiped some sweat off his chest and stomach and then slung his shirt over his shoulder. "What are you doing, little bro?"

My eyes were wide and my mouth hung open.

*Fuck he's hot!*

"Are you guys gay for each other or what?" Ricky asked. He glared at both of us.

Blaze turned away from me. "I don't know what you're talkin' about, man. Let's just get back to work."

Ricky stood still a moment longer, studying us. He made eye contact with me for a few moments, and I could tell there was more than just annoyance in his expression. He licked his lips, and then he returned to work.

I took a few deep breaths and leaned against the work table. It was impossible to work now with Blaze shirtless. I glanced back at him. His back was to me and he was looking at the dry wall he'd just put up.

*Fuck*, I thought. *Even his back seems extra chiseled.*

I chalked up the extra definition of his body to the lantern light we were working by in that room. The sunlight that had been coming through the windows was disappearing as the sun set.

*Fucking Blaze*, I thought. He thinks he can just tease me like that and get away with it.

Well I wouldn't let him get away with it. I had an idea.

I set down my tools and looked at Ricky.

Ricky knelt down with a hammer in his hand, picking out nails from his work box and getting ready to nail another piece of dry wall up.

I left the work table and walked towards him.

Blaze watched me out of the corner of his eye.

Ricky stood up as I reached him.

“Hey,” I said in a low voice, gentle and inviting.

Ricky dropped the nail he’d chosen and seemed startled that I approached him. “Hey, uh, Trevor. Shit.” He went to pick up the nail.

But I stopped him. “Here I got it.” I stepped in front of him and bent over, making sure that he had a clear view of my butt. I took my time getting the nail and leaning back up. I smiled at him, a flirtatious grin, as I handed him back the nail. “Here you go.”

“Thanks.” His eyes were locked with mine. I could see that expression on his face I’d seen in other guys before. He was scared, nervous and yet entranced.

Ricky had been sneaking glances at me all summer, checking me out and undressing me with his eyes. And now, right in front of Blaze, I was going to give the handsome guy a taste of what it was like to bat for the other team for once.

“Anytime you need help with your, tools,” I said to Ricky, darting my eyes downward to his crotch and then back up. “Just let me know.”

I reached my hand forward and slightly brushed it against Ricky’s bulge that was in the crotch of his jeans.

“I know how to handle guys’ tools,” I said to him with a wink and a smile.

Then I walked back to the work table.

When I looked at Blaze, I was thrilled to see him glaring at me. His nostrils flared and his chest rose and fell with heavy, angry breaths. He was jealous. Good! That’s the way I wanted him. He wasn’t going to get away with teasing me like he did.

Ricky stayed still. He was trying to catch his breath. I figured he was also trying as hard as he could for his erection to go down.

But Blaze wouldn’t let him be alone. He threw down his shirt and marched across the room to Ricky.

“Blaze?” I asked.

But it was too late.

“Hey!” Blaze grabbed Ricky and spun him around. “What the hell

was that?"

"Blaze, bro, what are you talking about?" Ricky was confused and scared.

Blaze threw the poor guy up against the wall and pinned him there. "What the hell are you trying to do to Trevor?" Blaze was like an enraged gorilla, mad and possessive.

I left the work table and ran to them. "Blaze, stop it! We're in a church for God's sake."

I grabbed Blaze's shoulders and tried to tear him away from Ricky.

But Blaze shoved me away. He kept his hands on Ricky and spoke to me. "And what were *you* doing, Trevor? Jesus, why didn't you just get down and suck his cock?"

Ricky shoved Blaze off of him with a fierce motion. "Why the fuck do you care so much, Blaze? You don't even know what you saw."

"I saw the two of you practically start fucking one another a second ago," Blaze growled.

"So?" I said.

I knew I had Blaze right where I wanted him.

I walked around Blaze and to Ricky. I put my arm around his shoulder. He was tense and shaking, a mixture of anger, confusion and fear of being caught for lusting after me.

"I'll fuck whoever I want," I said to Blaze.

Ricky reacted instantly. He moved away from me and shook his head. He laughed nervously. "Whoa, whoa. No. Dude, I'm not gay. I'm not going to fuck you."

Blaze glared at Ricky. "Are you sure about that, man? Because from the looks of it you wanna fuck him."

We both looked at Ricky's crotch. His jeans were poking forward from his hard-on.

Ricky shifted nervously. He moved his hand in front of his cock. "Come on, man. That's just because I haven't gotten any in a while. Not because of your step-brother."

I looked back and forth between Ricky and Blaze. I started to get hard myself. Both of these guys… the testosterone was swirling in the room. My mind was already getting away from me, running with dirty

ideas of what I could do with both of these guys. And I thought about how much further I could push Blaze to the edge of jealousy.

I loved seeing Blaze like this, jealous and animalistic. He was protective and carnal, like I was his property, like I was *his* and his alone, and no other man could have me, not even his friend.

But I didn't want to just be his alone, not then. I wanted to cause trouble. I wanted to prove, if only to myself, that I didn't care about Blaze in any sort of deep way. It was just "fucking" between us.

So I walked to Ricky and put my hand back on his cock. I squeezed it through his jeans, and he stood still and groaned a little while I did it.

"It's okay, Ricky," I told him. "I wanna fuck you, too."

"Fuck you!" Blaze's chest puffed up in anger. He marched forward and grabbed me. He threw me away from Ricky.

"Dude!" Ricky started.

Blaze pushed him back his chest. "Just get the fuck out of here!"

We all stood still, breathing in that tense, hot air. At any moment, I thought Blaze and Ricky were about to throw down.

Ricky's eyebrows lowered. "Blaze, are you and Trevor, are you two fucking each other?"

Blaze breathed heavy and fast. His lips pursed and nostrils flared. "Just get the hell away from my… my stepbrother."

Ricky hesitated. His eyes darted back and forth between us. "Whatever, man. You two can go fuck yourselves." Then he grabbed the tools that were his and hurried out of the room.

Blaze and I stood silently.

When I dared to look his way, I saw him glaring back at me.

And neither one of us said a word.

# TEN

I sat in the passenger seat of Blaze's truck.

I had the window rolled down so I could feel the cool, summer night's air blow through my finger-tips.

Blaze was at the wheel, not saying a word.

I didn't want to talk. I didn't even want to ride with him. It felt too close. It felt… I just wanted out, but there was no other way home. I didn't have my Mustang yet.

We were on Paleson Drive, a road that cut through a few farm fields, getting close to my father's house.

"Are you gonna tell me why the hell you did that tonight?" Blaze finally spoke up.

I didn't look his way. I kept my gaze forward at the passing fields and moonlit sky. "I don't know. I don't think we need to."

*I shouldn't have ever started this*, I thought. *I should've just stayed alone. I should've never started fucking him in the first place*.

"Trevor," he said. "I don't want us to be mad at one another. I still want us to, you know, be friends at least."

I spoke fast. "Friends that fuck each other?"

He became quiet.

I had no right to be jealous. I knew this, but I couldn't help the way I felt. "I can't believe you fought Ricky."

"Hey!" Blaze said. "You're the one who brought him into this. I never would've done anything to him if you hadn't of-"

"So I can't flirt with other guys?" I asked. I finally turned to him and raised my voice. "Blaze I'm not your personal sex toy. You can't just go threatening any other guy that-"

Blaze slammed his hand on the steering wheel. "I fought him because I didn't want him to fuck you, Trevor!"

We became quiet for a moment.

All I heard was the rumbling of Blaze's truck's engine, carrying us through those farm fields. I knew the house was less than five minutes away now.

“Listen to us,” Blaze said. He lowered his voice and spoke gently, without anger. “We sound like some pair of boyfriends, getting jealous over who’s sleeping with who.”

He was right. We sounded like boyfriends, not friends, and most fucking certainly not stepbrothers. But I didn’t really care. I still liked that he was possessive of me, but I knew that it would hurt when this thing we had started came to an end.

“Trevor, look,” he said. He pulled the truck to the side of the road and put it in park. He leaned back in his seat. He turned his head to the side and stared into my eyes.

I looked back at his. His eyes looked gorgeous under the moonlight. All of him looked gorgeous, just right there in front of me in the driver’s seat. His arms, his stomach, the scruff of his face; Blaze was unbelievably handsome. I loved that about him, and I fucking hated that about him.

“Trevor,” he said again. “I wanna be the only man that gets to have you.”

I took a deep breath. What he was requesting wasn’t realistic, not in the long run anyway. I looked away from him. “Shut the fuck up, Blaze.”

He laughed. “Trevor, I’m serious. Look at me.”

I didn’t turn to face him.

He put his hand on my shoulder and turned me back to him.

“Blaze,” I started.

“I know it sounds ridiculous,” he said. “But Trevor, I love having sex with you. And I wanna be the only man that gets to.”

I hesitated. I wanted so badly to tell him yes, but I couldn’t bring myself to.

He pulled me closer to him. “I don’t want you flirting with other guys in front of me anymore. I don’t want you sucking any other guy’s cock, Trevor. I want you for myself.”

I could smell him. I could smell his scent and feel his grip on my shoulder as he pulled me closer to him.

His head tilted to the side.

*God damn it*, I thought.

My eyes half-closed. I didn't want to kiss him. I didn't want to feel overpowered by him. But it happened anyway.

Blaze put his other hand just under my jaw, cupping my face as he brought his lips to mine. "I want you to be mine," he whispered.

His lips pressed against mine. Brushed against mine, and they parted my lips for him to slide the tip of his tongue into my mouth.

*Fuck! I want him so bad!*

I let him kiss me. Then I gave in a little more and put my hand on the back of his neck.

And when I thought I was at the edge, ready to fall off into his spell and never return, I pulled away and wiped my mouth of the taste of him.

"No," I said to him.

Blaze seemed surprised. "What do you mean no?"

"I mean, fuck you, Blaze. That's what I mean." I opened up my door and stepped out. Then I slammed it shut and started walking down the road.

Blaze got out of the truck and ran after me. He caught up to me and stood in my way. "Trev, what's wrong? What did I say?"

I hit his chest. "You don't get to tell me to give myself to you only, Blaze. It can't work that way!"

He shrugged and asked in this annoyingly casual tone. "Why not?"

Then the words exploded out of my mouth. "Because you're *fucking straight*, you moron!"

Silence.

Blaze took a step back. "What does that have to do with anything?"

The words kept coming out. "Because I'm just a piece of ass to you, you bastard. Because all this is for you is just fucking. You don't want me to be with just you because you like me. You didn't even wanna be around me until I started riding your dick!"

Blaze stood still and quiet, taking my words like I was throwing bricks against his body.

"You're straight, Blaze," I repeated. "You're straight, and when this summer is over you'll go back to college and start finding girls

there to date. Or you'll find some other poor little 'queer' that you can fuck from time to time like you did with me."

"Hey!" he interrupted. "That's not what I think of you, Trev, and you know that. I would never think of you like that."

I knew he would never think of me like that, but that didn't mean our fling wouldn't end up the same way.

"And you were the one who started this," Blaze said. "You're the one who, who found me in the living room remember? You're the one who started the sex, not me."

He was right, and I didn't have anything to say to that except acknowledge it. "You're right."

"So then why are you changing all of a sudden?" He stared at me, begging for an answer. "Why are you so angry all of a sudden?"

I took a deep breath. I didn't want to tell him, but I figured that after everything we've done together he at least deserved to hear the truth. I dared to look him in the eye, and I spoke. "Because I'm starting to fall in love with you."

I waited for him to react, for him to say anything or do anything. I'd rather him have punched me in the face and called me a "gross faggot" than do what he did.

He stood still, speechless and still. His eyes widened and his mouth opened, but he didn't say anything.

We stood like this for moments in that quiet night, caught in the headlights of his truck.

"Trev," he said softly. "I uh…"

And I knew what his response would be from those two words. I knew what it would be just from the way he said them, from how he could barely utter them out.

This thing we had didn't mean to him what it did to me, and I'd just made a complete fucking idiot of myself by telling him how I really felt.

My stomach dropped.

My mouth became dry.

My palms shook and I was so overcome by embarrassment and shame that I felt like buckling at the knees and passing out.

*We should've never done this*, I thought while looking at him. *I should've never started this*.

And when I couldn't take anymore of him staring at me like that, I turned and ran into the farm field.

I heard him calling my name.

"Trev! Trevor, come back!"

But I wouldn't go back to him. Not now, not that night. I couldn't stand to be around him. I couldn't stand to be around myself. I kept running to get away from him, out into the darkness of that field.

I heard him chase after me for a moment, but he stopped after a few yards. He knew to let me go.

He knew to let me go.

# ELEVEN

I avoided Blaze for days. I wanted him to be gone, to stop this emotional torture. He started dating some local girl named Ella that he went to high school with. I couldn't stand it. I had to watch him leave to go pick her up, to take her out, when I wanted to be the one with him.

"I don't care," I told myself. "He can date some stupid girl. I don't care."

But I wanted to cry. And I hated myself for it.

***

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Tiffany asked. Tiffany, the one person in Crossroads who seemed more screwed up than me. She was in her fifties, single, living with a roommate and some cats. She worked with me at the diner, though "work" is a stretch. When she wasn't spending half her shifts by the dumpsters chain-smoking she was in the bathroom making sure her pink hair was shaped in just the right poof.

I stared out the diner window. I sat in one of the booths at the back during my break, drinking some coffee and praying that the day I could leave Crossroads would come soon. "Yeah, I'm fine," I muttered.

Tiffany sat down across from me. "I don't believe that for one second." She lit a cigarette and blew some smoke away from me.

"Tiffany," I said,  you know you can't smoke inside.

She shrugged. "I don't give a shit. Life is too short not to live your own way, sweetie."

I took a drink of coffee. "That's a good way to think about it. It's hard to do, though."

She took a drag and let the smoke roll off her tongue. "Yes it is, sweetie. Yes it is." She studied me for a moment. "Is everything okay at home?"

I didn't look at her. I stayed quiet, staring out the window.

And from my silence she got her answer. She tapped some ashes into a water glass on the table. She lowered her voice. “You know, Trevor, this is a small town, and people always get to talkin’.”

I sighed. “Yeah I know.”

She leaned forward. “So I know that your father isn’t exactly the most… supportive man.” She waited for me to respond, but I stayed quiet. “Trevor, if you ever need anything… a place to stay? Maybe some cash? You can count on me to help you out. Okay, sweetie?”

I hesitated, but I finally looked back at her and nodded. “Thanks, Tiffany.”

***

“There is no doubt about it, folks, sinners will go to hell!” Danson delivered one of his most passionate sermons yet. “Temptation leads to destruction!”

“Amen!” someone from the Sunday service crowd echoed.

“It happens every time. You can read countless examples in the only book that matters right here.” Danson held up his bible.

“Amen!” more echoed.

I sat at the back with my father and Blaze’s mother.

Blaze was at the service, too, that Sunday, but he sat a few rows in front of us next to that stupid girl, Ella. I had hoped she’d at least be ugly, but she wasn’t. She was gorgeous: red locks of hair and a nice frame.

It was all I could do not to dig my fingernails into my palms when I watched Blaze slide his arm around her. He smiled at her and whispered into her ear.

I wanted to throw up in my mouth.

Blaze’s smile faded, and for a moment he turned his head to glance at me.

We made eye contact for a short second before I darted my gaze back to Danson.

Then when I looked back at Blaze, I found him still looking at me a moment longer before he looked back front.

*Maybe he's thinking about me as much as I'm thinking about him*, I thought. No, that couldn't be. He was already over it.

*I bet my hole is ten times better than whatever she has*, I thought to myself, cracking a slight smile.

My father nudged me. "Are you paying attention, son?" he asked.

I sat up straight. "Uh, yes sir."

"If we give into temptation, we will reap our own destruction. That is not a probability, folks. That is a *guarantee*," Danson said.

"Amen!" the crowd cheered.

"Amen!" my father echoed.

"Amen," I muttered, thinking about the destruction I reaped by hooking up with Blaze.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. I couldn't believe who'd sent the message.

**BLAZE: interesting sermon huh?**

I looked up to see him looking back at me. He raised his lips in a slight smile, and I was delighted to see him acknowledge me.

But my guard was still up.

**Me: you should talk to your new gf, idiot**

I saw him look at his phone while Ella wasn't watching him. Then he turned and glared at me.

I couldn't help but smile, and when I looked back at him I noticed a smile breaking across his face too. But he turned back forward and tried to pay attention.

My father nudged me. "Put your damn phone away and pay attention!"

I sighed and put my phone in my pocket.

*It's my phone*, I thought. *I'm the one that pays for it*. So why did I listen to my father?

I didn't even know what Danson was talking about just then, but I didn't care. I had some fun following the rest of the crowd. "Amen! Oh yes amen and hallelujah!"

***

The church service that Sunday couldn't have felt any longer. The entire time Danson went on and on about how temptation and sin will ruin us, I just thought about Blaze, sitting there a few rows in front of me next to that lucky, stupid girl.

When I felt like I couldn't take anymore, the service finally ended.

The people in the church room meandered towards the door, and I desperately needed some breathing room.

"I'm just going to walk around outside for a bit," I told my father and Linda.

"Don't cause any trouble, son," my father said.

"I won't." I left them there to make small talk with the rest of the people from town.

I caught Blaze's gaze before I exited through the church doors. He stared at me. His eyes followed me.

But I didn't wait for him to come with me. I left the room and went outside.

There were storm clouds gathering in the distance. And the wind was picking up, blowing through the tall weeds and trees around that church.

*A summer rain*, I thought to myself. *That's exactly what we need.*

I walked away from the church building and to the graveyard. As I walked slowly through the rows of tombstones, I couldn't help but notice how unkempt it was. It was as if the grounds keeper hadn't been there in years to at least trim the grass. The weeds and grass had overgrown most of the tombstones.

"I guess this is what happens in this town, right?" came a familiar voice.

I didn't turn around. I didn't need to. I knew who it was, and my breath got short just to hear him speak.

"They bury you and then forget about you," he said again.

I turned around to see Blaze walking towards me. He took slow, easy steps, and his hands were in his pockets. His shoulders slouched.

"Yeah," I answered back, "sure I guess so."

He stopped at a tombstone near me and looked at it. He didn't say

anything.

I just stood there, waiting for him to speak. I noticed he'd rolled up his sleeves by now, baring those muscular forearms. The top buttons of his shirt were undone, and I could see the top of his chest.

*He's so handsome*, I thought. *He's always going to be so damn handsome*.

"What are you doing out here, Trev?" he asked.

The wind picked up a little stronger.

I bit my lip, debating on whether or not to actually get into a conversation with him. But I went ahead and spoke. "Why does it matter?"

He laughed a little. "Okay, damn. I was just trying to start a conversation."

I walked forward, taking slow steps like he had. I stood next to him, put my hands in my pockets and stared at the same gravestone.

It was a tombstone for a man named Richard Banks. He lived for fifty years before dying, alone with no family.

"Did you ever hear about this guy?" I asked Blaze. "Richard Banks?"

Blaze shrugged. "A little. I know people talked about him sometimes, but I never knew what the story was."

"He was gay," I said.

Blaze was quiet. "Oh, okay."

"He was gay and no one accepted him," I continued. "At least that's what I heard back in school when they'd talk about him. Richard came out to his family. It was back in the fifties and well, you know you just didn't come out during that time if you didn't want your ass beat."

Blaze nodded. "Yeah I know."

"I heard his father almost beat him to death. He hit him so hard he gave him brain damage, and he was never able to live on his own. So when his father left, his mother took care of him, and then when she died he stayed at a nursing home until he died, too."

Blaze turned to face me. "Trevor, why are you talking about this?"

"I don't know, does it bother you?" I shrugged.

“Yeah, it does,” he said.

I turned to face him. “Why?”

He took his hands from his pockets. He took a step closer to me. His shoulders raised and his chest stuck out.

The wind picked up even more.

“Because I don’t want to hear you talking about people dying just because…” He hesitated, and he looked me in the eyes. “Just because they’re gay.”

I rolled my eyes. “I don’t know what you want me to tell you, Blaze. That’s how it happened.” I turned away from him. “You don’t have to babysit me.” I started to walk away. “So just leave me alone.”

I walked about ten feet away from him when he jumped forward to catch up to me.

He followed me while we walked further into the graveyard, out of sight from the rest of the people that were still at the church building.

“Trev, hold on,” he said.

“Why?” I kept walking.

“Trev, just wait!”

I stopped and whipped around. “For what, Blaze? What the hell do you want? What the hell do you want from me?”

He stood still with that annoyingly good looking expression of concern across his face.

He stood there, while I waved my hands and raised my voice at him because I couldn’t stand to look at him. I couldn’t stand to hold my emotions back. “What do I have to do to get you to just leave me alone once and for all?”

He stepped forward and grabbed my face. His hands were big and firm on my cheeks, holding me gently and holding me still.

I stopped talking. Without thinking I rested my hands on his wrists, gulped and dared to look back into his eyes.

“Trevor, I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m sorry that I made you feel like it was just sex between us. That you felt like you were just some toy to me. That’s what I wanted to tell you.”

There was thunder in the distance. The grass and tree branches

rustled in the wind.

"I'm sorry about it, okay?" he continued. "I thought about it, about everything you said that night we fought, when you ran away from me. I thought about it, and I think I realize how that made you feel."

*You fucking beautiful bastard*, I thought. I didn't want him to keep talking. No, I wanted to him to keep talking. No I didn't!

"I never really got to know you at all back when I was in high school," he said. "But I got to know you a lot better this summer."

I rolled my eyes and muttered, "You got to know my ass, that's all."

He laughed. He took his hands away from my face and rested them on my shoulders. He made sure to keep eye contact.

"Yes, I got to know your ass real well," he said with a grin.

I couldn't help but crack a smile back at him.

"And you've got a great ass," he said.

I groaned. "Blaze, come on…"

"But I also got to know you more as a person," he said. "And I'm glad I did. Because I like you as more than just someone I hooked up with, Trev. I like you as a friend."

"Just a friend?" I asked.

He started to fumble on his words. "I don't know, Trev. Maybe even more than a friend."

We stared into one another's eyes.

I should've asked about his new girlfriend. I should've asked if he still thought he was completely straight. I should've asked so many things, but the better part of me didn't want to ruin the moment.

I saw that gleam in his eyes, that desire for me that I felt for him.

We were out of sight from everyone else at that church.

We were alone there in the graveyard.

No one else.

Just us.

Blaze squeezed my shoulders. I could him breathing a little heavier. He pulled me closer to him.

I put my hands on his arms.

“You wanna know something stupid?” he asked.

I nodded.

“All this time, growing up in this damn town,” he said, “part of me always felt alone. Like nobody really understood me. But I don’t feel that way when I’m with you.” His head tilted and leaned closer to me. “I don’t feel so alone when I’m with you, Trev. I just wish I would’ve known you like this sooner, years ago when we would’ve had more time together.”

He went in for a kiss, and damn it I wanted it so bad. But I turned my cheek.

“Blaze,” I said to him, “we can’t do this.”

His lips pursed and nostrils flared in frustration. “Why can’t we just let it be good while it lasts?”

“Because it won’t last,” I said, my face still turned. “And I don’t wanna get any more hurt than I have to, Blaze. I’m still good at being on my own, and I can’t let you take that away from me.”

I moved his hands off of me, and as I left the graveyard I didn’t look back.

# TWELVE

That afternoon I left the house on my own. A half hour's walk later, I arrived at Mr. Bennison's Junkyard where the Mustang was. I brought three thousand of my saved cash.

"I gotta say," Mr. Bennison said as he counted the cash. "I didn't think you'd save up so much money, Trevor."

"It's not hard when you've got a good reason," I said to him. I looked out the window of his office. My eyes rested on the Mustang. It was old and rusted, but it looked like a beautiful chance at freedom. "Thanks for coming up here on a Sunday, Mr. Bennison, I appreciate it."

"It's no problem, kid," he said. Mr. Bennison was nice old man, kept to himself much of the time. Though if he knew the truth about me he'd probably refuse to sell me the Mustang. "I've got to put the new engine inside it before I can get it to ya. It'll take about a week. Hope that's okay."

"Sure that's fine," I told him.

A week, that would give me more time to figure out where I would run away to.

***

The whole family was finally together at dinner again. My father sat at the head of the table as always, next to Linda, and Blaze sat next to me.

We ate quietly.

My father had the television playing a baseball game in the living room.

"Trevor we need to start getting you ready for school," Blaze's mother said to me. "We need to find out what kind of classes you're taking this fall."

"Uh, sure. I'll look into it," I answered back to her. She didn't know I didn't even want to go to the community college I was bound for. I'd be gone before autumn.

“And Blaze we need to start getting you packed up eventually. The summer’s coming to an end and you’ll need to be ready to go back to school.” Blaze’s mother eyed him.

“Yeah Mom, sure,” he said with another bite of fish.

Thunder sounded in the distance. It echoed over the soft rain that fell outside and rattled on the kitchen window.

“This rain is a real bummer,” Blaze’s mother said. “Makes me just want to stay inside all day. Just stay in bed, you know what I mean, guys?”

Blaze and I looked at one another. Staying in bed all day? It sounded like a good idea to both of us.

“Yeah, Mom,” Blaze said, keeping his eyes on me.

But then Blaze quickly looked away from me and I started eating again, fast and nervous to try and pretend the last few seconds didn’t happen.

But it wasn’t fast enough. Blaze’s mother eyed both of us for a minute, studying us, and she could tell that something was different between the two of us. She didn’t say a word, but I could feel her watching us a little closer now.

“God damn it!” my father yelled. “This guy couldn’t hit the ball if they put it on a damn stick in front of him.”

Blaze’s mother shook her head. “Calm down, honey. It’s just baseball.”

“Sure, just baseball,” my father muttered. This gave him an idea. “Say, speaking of sports.” He turned his attention to me. “Trevor, how do you feel about signing up for something this year? It’s college after all. You should be trying new things. Maybe wrestling?”

Blaze almost choked on his food when he burst out in laughter. He chewed, swallowed and grinned at me. “Yeah, Trev. Wouldn’t you like to wrestle with a bunch of other guys?”

I kicked his shin under the table.

He shut up and glared at me.

“Uh, Dad,” I said. “I don’t know. I’ll think about it.”

My father drank some of the beer that he had on the table. It was his seventh one that evening. “Well you should get into something.

Sports always look good on job resumes later."

*Bull shit*, I thought. But I knew my father just wanted me to start acting more like Blaze. Apparently helping with the church construction wasn't enough for him already.

The conversation came to a grinding halt when a commercial came on the television. It was a cereal commercial, and the two parents in it were not one man and one woman. They were both men, taking care of their little baby.

"Aw shit, come on," my father groaned.

"What is it?" I asked.

We all turned to see the TV screen.

As I watched the commercial, I didn't feel anything. I thought it was fine. What bothered me was my father's reaction to it.

"This is ridiculous," my father said. "The media always shoving this queer shit down our throats. There's no way in hell I would ever let a baby be raised by two faggots."

Blaze and I looked at one another. His eyebrows lowered, and his lips pursed. I could see the concern on his face.

My fingers turned to fists under the table, and my teeth clenched. It was all I could do to keep my anger inside me while my father went on and on about the "queers" on the TV screen.

"It's just bull shit," my father said. "They're dragging that poor little baby to hell with them. He never even stood a-"

"It's not a big deal, Dad," I blurted out.

The three of them went silent.

Linda's face went pale in shock.

My father's eyes darted to me, wide and filled with a fast-growing anger.

Blaze's eyes went back and forth between me and my father.

My stomach dropped. My hands started to shake. I could hardly breathe. I was ready for my father to throw his knife across the table and into my neck.

My father cleared his throat. He set his silverware down, leaned back in his seat and folded his arms. He looked me sternly, glaring at me like I was an insect. "Yes, it is a big deal son."

The others remained quiet.

I stayed still and quiet like a deer caught in the headlights of an eighteen-wheeler, about to get splattered across the pavement.

I gulped.

My father continued. "Their sinful lifestyle, their *disgusting* lifestyle is going to destroy that baby's life and future. It's a big deal, Trevor. Queers are ruining this country, and now they're able to have children. It's a *big damn deal.*"

My leg started shaking. My fists tightened, and I did my best to hold in my anger. I felt afraid, and I felt nervous and ready to fall to pieces in front of my father.

In all of my life I'd never stood up to him, not yet anyway. And there he was across the table, like this big homophobic monster, blocking my way and trying to tear me apart with his careless words.

I didn't think I could stand it much longer.

"They probably love that baby," I muttered.

My father slammed his fist onto the table.

Blaze and his mother jumped.

"Honey," Blaze's mother said cautiously. She went to put her hand on his shoulder to calm him down.

But my father shook her off of him and spoke louder to me. "What did you say, young man?"

I wouldn't back down from him. Not this time.

"I said they probably love that baby," I said louder, clearer. My nostrils flared. I could feel my blood pulsing and pumping fast and hard. My skin was hot and I was trembling with adrenaline and near paralyzing terror.

My father's eyes were wide. His lips frowned and he glared back at me. I'd never seen him so angry. I was petrified, but I liked it. I liked finally standing up to this man. He'd never taken me seriously. He'd never let me speak what I really wanted to say, and now he would.

"There's nothing wrong with being gay," I said to him.

"Trevor," Blaze said. "What are you-"

My father yelled. "What the hell is your problem, son? There's

nothing wrong with being gay? Man, I always thought you were more sissy than other guys but I never thought you were a queer-lover."

"Stop it," Blaze's mother said. "Both of you, please."

Trevor put his hand on mine.

I slipped my hand away from him before my father could notice that small act. I wanted my father's anger to stay on me. This was about him and me. Blaze didn't need to get dragged into it.

"Queer lover?" I asked my father.

"That's what I said, isn't it?" My father seemed to be challenging me, like he was trying to keep his role as the alpha in the house by stepping on me. "You wanna know what my daddy did to queer lovers back in his day?"

But I wouldn't let him finish. I wouldn't let him beat me down again. Not this time. It was now or never.

I stood up, pushing my chair back across the floor.

Thunder sounded in the distance and the rain became a little heavier outside.

"Sit back down, son!" my father ordered. "I didn't excuse you."

"You don't have to, Dad," I said. "I'll leave on my own."

My father stood up out of his chair. His shoulders raised and his body was tense like he was ready to fight me. "Like hell you will."

I took a deep breath.

"I'm not a queer lover, Dad," I said.

Blaze knew what was coming. "Trevor," he said in a low voice. He was trying to stop me, trying to save me from my father's wrath.

My father glared at me and waited.

"I'm gay."

There was nothing but silence.

Everyone stayed still.

It was as if my confession had frozen time itself.

Thunder sounded outside, louder and closer now.

Suddenly, my father marched around the table towards me, taking heavy steps that echoed across the wooden floor.

"Dad?" I asked.

"Stop!" Blaze's mother leapt from her seat.

Blaze got out of his chair. “Trevor, move!”

I stayed where I was as my father came around the table.

Blaze tried to get in front of me, but I pushed him back.

“Dad, what are you-”

My father grabbed me by my shoulders so hard he bruised me. He dragged me out of the kitchen and into the living room.

“Dad, stop!”

“Trevor!” Blaze screamed.

My father pulled me into the living room. He threw me up against the wall so hard that it knocked off a framed picture of our family. The picture shattered on the floor at our feet.

“Dad!” I screamed at him.

“Shut up!” he roared. “Shut the hell up, you little shit!”

Blaze’s mother stayed at the kitchen table, too petrified to move forward.

Blaze ran into the living room and grabbed at my father’s shoulders.

My father pushed him back. “Blaze, stay the hell out of his.” He looked back at me. “Trevor, you tell me right now. Are you really gay?”

I breathed deep. My heart raced. Again I felt it… now or never. So I dared to nod my head. And I spoke as clear as I could. “Yes sir.”

My father kept me pinned to the wall for a moment, glaring at me like I wasn’t his son. Instead of his son, I was someone who murdered his son, and maybe I was… I was someone else who murdered who he thought his son was.

When those seconds passed, he tossed me aside.

I crashed onto the living room floor.

Blaze rushed to my side and helped me to my feet. “Trevor, are you okay?”

“Get away from him, Blaze,” my father said. He wouldn’t look at me anymore. He faced the wall like I was some sort of curse upon the house now.

Blaze looked my father’s way, but he didn’t say anything. I felt he was thinking the same thing that I was, that my father had just

revealed the true monster that he really was.

Blaze brought me to my feet. He put his hand on my shoulder and turned and faced me. He looked into my eyes, searching them like maybe they would give him an answer. “Trev, are you okay?”

*Of course not*, I thought. I kept my mouth shut. Looking into Blaze’s eyes, I could the concern in them, the worry for me. He *really* did care about me. He’d never lied about that. And that little fact made what I was going to do that much harder.

I looked into Blaze’s eyes. I grabbed onto his forearms and squeezed. I could feel a knot in the pit of my stomach. My eyes watered and my lips quivered.

*Fuck*, I thought. *No, don’t cry*.

The last thing I’d ever do, especially now in front of my monster father, was shed a tear. I refused to show how weak I really felt.

I turned away from Blaze and shoved his hands off of me. “Blaze, stay out of this.”

His lips pursed and he sighed through flared nostrils. “Trev, don’t do this.” He spoke low, almost in a whisper so our parents couldn’t hear us from the other side of the room. “You don’t have to fight this alone.”

I wouldn’t look at him. I grabbed a rain jacket that was hung near the front door. As I put it on, I avoided looking Blaze in his face. “This is *my* fight, Blaze. Not yours.”

“Trevor?” his mother asked. She stood in the doorway to the living room. “Trevor, where are you going?”

“He’s not staying here anymore,” my father answered. He still wouldn’t look me in the face.

But I knew if I tried to stay it’d end with him throwing me to the floor again.

I zipped up the jacket. I took in a deep breath and fought my urge to cry so far down within me that it hurt my body to keep it all inside.

Blaze took a step forward, his hand extended to hold onto me.

But I backed away from him. I was alone. I was alone, and this was my battle to fight alone.

“Trevor, please,” he said.

I put my hand on the doorknob. I turned it, but I didn't open the door yet. I dared to look back at them, once more: Blaze, his mother… my father. This place – this house – it was what I had called home, and I knew then, with my hand on the doorknob, that this might be the very last time I see all of them together. Because this wasn't my home anymore. I'd destroyed that when I told my father who I really was. This wasn't my home. I was on my own.

I looked at my father. He was the man I once respected. The man I once feared. The man, when I was little, that I wanted to be like. And now he was just some stranger. He was an angry stranger that hated me for who I was born to be.

But I wasn't afraid of him anymore. I didn't feel afraid of anything. I felt nervous. I didn't know where I'd go, but I'd rather be on this edge of uncertainty than live in a lie any longer.

I took in a deep breath. I looked right at my father even though he didn't have the nerve to look back at me. "Goodbye, Dad."

Then I opened the door and ran outside, slamming it shut behind me.

The summer rain was cold. The ground was muddy, and thunder boomed outside as the storm passed overhead.

I was alone, running towards the fields next to my father's house. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't know who would talk to me now.

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and fully take in the gravity of the situation I'd plunged into.

That's when I felt a hand land on my shoulder.

I whipped around.

It was Blaze, standing behind me. He was soaked under the rain so much that I could see through his white shirt. "Trevor, where are you going?"

I hesitated. "I, I don't know."

"Just come back," he yelled over the storm. "Just come back we can work this out."

I waited before speaking. Now that I was outside, it felt like maybe I *should* turn around and go back. But I knew better. If I didn't

leave now, I'd never leave.

I shook my head at Blaze. "No! No, I'm not going back, Blaze."

He reached out for me.

I took a few steps back.

"Trevor," he pleaded. "Where are you gonna go?"

I shrugged. "I don't know, Blaze! And I don't care. I'm not going back to him. That's not my home anymore!"

Blaze stepped forward and grabbed onto my face. "Yes it is, Trev." His eyes pierced into mine. "I'll protect you."

I knew he couldn't do that. As much as he wanted to, I knew that he wouldn't be able to protect me always, and I couldn't let him try to do that. I needed to learn to fight on my own.

"This isn't your fight," I repeated to him. "This is *my* fight, Blaze. My life. I don't want you getting into trouble just because of me."

"Trevor," he said. He wanted to argue some more, but he knew that he couldn't change my mind.

I put my hands on his and pulled them away from face slowly. I almost kissed them. I wanted to kiss him, but I held myself back.

This was never romance between me and Blaze, and I wasn't going to let it pretend to be.

I almost said goodbye to him, but I knew it wasn't goodbye. I knew I'd see him again, and I knew we'd be different people by the time that came. I felt this was the last time he'd see my like this, scared and running. But that time would come later. Right now, I had to leave.

"Blaze," I said over the rain, "don't chase after me."

I took a last look, then I turned and ran.

And I didn't look back.

# THIRTEEN

By the time I stopped running through that storm, I'd made it to Tiffany's house.

She and her roommate let me stay the night, and then they agreed to let me stay a few days.

They kept asking me, "What are you going to do, Trevor? Where are you going to go?"

I had no plan, no idea of what to do next. I needed out of that Crossroads. I had to get out.

Over the next few days Blaze and his mother kept calling and texting my cell phone. Part of me wished it'd been destroyed in the rain when I ran through the storm. But it survived well enough to keep functioning and keep ringing like the wail of ghost when they'd call for me.

I told Blaze's mom that I was safe and staying with friends for a while.

I didn't have it in me to call Blaze or even send him a message.

And my father, my father never tried to contact me. I think he'd be happier if I'd died out in the rain.

***

A few days later I stopped by Mr. Bennison's junkyard, and like I'd suspected he refused to give me the Mustang. My father had talked to him before I came, so Mr. Bennison's mind was made up that I was a no good queer, not fit to take the Mustang with its new engine.

"Just take your damn money and get out of my sight," Mr. Bennison said to me.

I took the three-thousand in cash from his hand, resisting the urge to throw a fist into his old face.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said.

I didn't say anything back. It was just more anger to bury within me, more hatred and motivation to get out of Crossroads once and for all.

***

Half a week after I'd run out, I made my way back to the house to get my things. I prayed the entire time I walked there that I wouldn't run into any of them.

It was a Wednesday, so I knew my father wouldn't be there. He was working.

But Blaze and his mother… I just hoped they were anywhere else.

There were no cars there at the house. They were all gone. I noticed something next to the house, though, a parked car with a tarp over it. It looked like the Mustang, but I didn't want to waste time to make sure.

I moved quick.

The doors were locked, so I snuck in through my bedroom window. I packed what I needed into a single backpack.

The last of the cash I'd saved, two thousand dollars, I stuffed it into the bottom of that backpack. Five-thousand dollars then, to run away with. I just wished I'd had the Mustang, too.

I took a last look around.

I left a short note for the only other man I'd cared for, in his bedroom.

*Blaze,*

*I'm sorry for everything.*

*Trev*

I climbed back out through the window, closed it and left.

And as my life went onward, I left that house, and my old-self, all of it in the past…

*FOUR YEARS LATER.*

# FOURTEEN

I was 22.

I woke up in the new place I called home, my apartment in New York. It wasn't much, but it was what I could afford.

I woke up and hit my alarm clock. Six o'clock every morning; it was always such a pain the ass to wake up this way.

I got out of bed and got dressed for the gym.

At 6:30 every morning, I'd hit the gym around the corner from my apartment building. I'd lift some weights and run, stuff to keep me in shape.

And God damn it, I was in good shape!

For the last two years I'd been a dancer at a night club called Hexplosion. I had muscles and definition. The guys from high school would've been so angry with jealousy they'd have shot themselves.

And Blaze, Blaze would've been impressed, too.

I tried not to think about it. I tried not to think about him. I tried not to revisit that past. I hadn't seen them all this time. I hadn't talked to Blaze or my father. I spoke to Blaze's mom on the phone every once in a while, and she sent me cards on the holidays. I lived alone, on my own like always.

Every once in a while I thought about going back to Crossroads and showing everyone what I'd made of myself. They'd still hate me. A dancer at a gay club? Those small town people would probably stone me to the death if they had the chance.

I liked the rush of the city so much better, anyway.

After the gym I went back to apartment, showered and dressed.

That day I was going to meet a photographer named Jerry Stints, and maybe make a new career for myself in the city.

***

Ten in the morning, I was in Central Park with my shirt off, leaned up against a tree and giving "fuck-me" eyes to the camera Mr.

Stints held.

"Good, Trevor," Stints told me. "Yes, that's fucking great!" He took a moment to look at the camera screen. "You're a real natural, Trevor. How have you not gotten into modeling before?"

I shrugged. "Never really thought about it. Didn't know it was an option."

He walked towards me with a smile. "Not for most people, but for you… I mean just look at this."

He showed me the pictures he'd taken. They were nice, but I didn't care about looking at myself that much. Instead I looked at Stints while he stared at his camera.

Stints was older, in his thirties, a gay man with tattoos and a hipster beard. He wasn't drop-dead gorgeous, but he was so well-groomed I couldn't help but wonder how he kept the rest of his body under that sweater and jeans.

I bit my lip, wondering what he was like in bed.

After living in the city for three years, my cocky attitude had only gotten tougher. I went after what I wanted, like I always did, and I kept every relationship shallow. Nothing serious. After the way I almost fell for Blaze, I'd never fall for anyone again.

And right then, I wanted my next victim to be this photographer.

I put my hand on Stints' shoulders and squeezed. I smiled flirtatiously at him. "You know, I thought you were just a creep trying to get photos of me when you first asked me to model for you."

He laughed. "It's okay. I usually don't approach dancers at gay clubs and ask them to take a shot at the business." He turned his camera off and flashed me a grin. "But you, I could tell you were different."

As our eyes met, I could tell we were both "hard" for one another. And I knew it wouldn't take much to get him where I wanted him.

"You know," I said. "Didn't you say you had more work you could show me back at your apartment?"

He leaned forward. He reached around me and grabbed my ass. As he squeezed, he said, "Sure do."

I smiled with satisfaction. "Then you should show me."

Stints took me back to his apartment. He lived in a swank part of the city, a Manhattan high-rise. I had no idea the kind of big deal that he was. But when we got to the floor of his apartment, I could see that he was never lying about being a professional photographer.

His apartment was furnished with expensive things, and on his walls hung pictures of his work, mostly of men, beautiful men posed and attractive on magazine covers or advertisements for cologne.

"See these?" he asked. He pointed to one of the pictures on the wall. "That was the first photoshoot this model ever did." He smiled at me. "This could be you one day. I can tell, you've got a good chance if you chase after it, Trevor. "

*Chase after it*, I thought. Those words sounded familiar, but I couldn't quite place them.

If only my father could've seen me then. He wouldn't have been proud, that's for sure. He'd never be proud of me after the way things ended between us. But at least I could rub it in his face that I was really making something of myself.

And then I could rub it in his face that his gay son was about to fuck the photographer who helped him get a modeling career.

Stints took me into the kitchen where he poured us some glasses of water.

"Is it too early to drink?" I joked.

He smiled at me. "I have some vodka and orange juice."

I stood next to him by the fridge and put my hand on his arm. He wasn't as muscular as other men I'd been with. He wasn't *exactly* my type as far as physicality was concerned, but he was older and experienced, or so I thought.

"Let's not worry about drinks," I told him. "We can do that after…"

He grinned. "After what?"

I ran my hand down his stomach and groped his crotch. "After you fuck me senseless."

He gulped. He actually seemed a little nervous. It surprised me. I figured he'd have been the one to take control. But it seemed I would

have to be the one to lead the way.

"Yeah, sure," he said. "Let's do it. Uh, where do you want to go?" He fumbled, putting the orange juice back into the fridge. "Uh, my bedroom? The living room?" He paused, seeing that I could see how nervous he was. "Sorry, I've never really done this before."

I laughed. "What, slept with a model?"

He smiled bashfully and shook his head. "No, and I've never moved this fast either."

"We don't have to," I started to say.

He grabbed me. "No, no. It's fine. I want to. I really do. Come on, let's go into my bedroom."

I held onto his hand as he led me into his bedroom.

But it didn't get any less awkward in there.

He fumbled to take his clothes off in his bedroom. Then he could hardly hold his breath while I undressed in front of him.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Aren't you used to seeing guys naked?"

He gulped. "Not exactly."

I smiled. I knew that I'd have to go slow with him. I didn't want to scare him off, or ruin my chances of a modeling career.

So I undressed and joined him in bed.

I was already hard, but he wasn't. I figured he was too nervous to get it up just yet, so I avoided touching his dick as to not remind him of it.

"You're so hot," he whispered to me.

We started making out, lying on our sides next to one another.

I closed my eyes, and I couldn't help but imagine anyone else being with me.

As I pulled him on top of me, trying to get him to dominate me, I started thinking about that man I never wanted to think about again… Blaze. I imagined Blaze on top of me, pinning me down and taking control of me.

Blaze, I wanted his touch and his body on mine. I wanted Blaze to fuck me, not this photographer that was on top of me now.

*No*, I thought. *No don't think about him!*

I used to fantasize about Blaze after I'd left that town, but eventually I put him far enough behind me to not think about him, except for now. For whatever reason, I couldn't get him out of my head.

Stints did his best to get me into it. He kissed me and groped me and licked my neck, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't get my mind to focus on him and not on thoughts of my step-brother.

I'd never felt this kind of longing before.

And then, just in the nick of time, my cell phone started to ring in my jeans pocket.

*Thank God*, I thought. I needed some sort of distraction to get away from Stints. *How do I get him off of me to answer it?*

I didn't act fast enough, and my phone stopped ringing.

Stints stopped kissing. "Do, do you need to get that?"

"Uh, no. No, it's fine." I figured it wasn't anyone important, so I was going to force myself to enjoy my time with Stints, even if it turned out to be terrible sex.

He went back to kissing me. It was sloppy and careless. I started to doubt that he'd ever had much practice.

*How does a guy with so many tattoos suck at this*, I asked myself.

My phone rang again.

And this time I jumped at the opportunity.

I pushed Stints off of me. "Sorry, I have to get that."

Naked, I got out of his bed and went through my pants pocket until I retrieved my cell phone. I was about to answer it, but when I saw the name on the screen, the name of the caller, I couldn't bring myself to do it.

The name of the caller… was Blaze.

I stood still while my phone sent the call to voicemail.

Stints stared at me. "I thought you had to answer that."

I stayed still, just staring at my cellphone. "I, I do."

Suddenly, I jumped to and started getting my clothes back on. "Look, Jerry. I'm sorry. I've gotta go."

He sat up in his bed. "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said to him. "I just uh, I have to go. I'm sorry.

I'll call you later, okay? About the photos?"
He cleared his throat. "Yeah, sure… about the photos."

I could hear the disappointment in his voice, but I didn't stop. I threw on my clothes and rushed for the door.

"Do you want to me walk you out?" I heard him ask.

"No, I'm fine!"
I grabbed my things and raced out of his apartment, clutching onto my cellphone and praying that it would ring again.

But it didn't.

My palms started to sweat as I rode the elevator down to the ground floor.

My phone dinged. I looked at the screen… a new voicemail.

I hadn't even heard Blaze's voice in years. I hadn't seen him other than the photos of him online that I dared to stalk through on some evenings years ago. He seemed happy at least, and I didn't want to bother that. I didn't want to mess up his life like mine had been. So I left him alone.

And now he'd left a voicemail on my phone.

I took a deep breath and pressed the buttons to listen to it.

"You have one unheard message," the robot told me.

"Yes I fucking know," I muttered. "Play the goddamn message."

Then I heard his voice, and I stopped breathing.

"Trevor, hey," he said. "It's Blaze. Uh, look, Trevor, I know it's been a long time and… shit, I don't really know how to talk to you. I don't even know how to leave a voicemail for you." I could hear him breathing shallow like he'd been nervous when he recorded the message. "Look, Trevor, it's about my mom. She's uh…" He seemed like he was choking back crying. His voice trembled. "She's in the hospital. I uh, I just thought you should know. Maybe you could come see her. She's uh, she's doing really bad. That's what the doctors said." He took in a deep breath. "So if you wanna come back to town and see her… then, I don't know… look, just call me if you can. Bye."

And that was it.

That was all he had said.

That's all he said, and I wanted more. I wanted to hear his voice

some more.

I replayed the message. Then I replayed it again. I had to replay it until I was listening to it, really listening to it and not falling into the hypnosis that was his voice.

His mom, she was sick. How sick? What had happened to her? Was she still alive? Would she be alive much longer?

My mind and heart started to race.

I walked out of the apartment building. Back on the streets, I didn't even have a plan of where to go. There were too many people. Too many people and too much noise. I wanted quiet. I wanted to be alone if I was going to call him back.

I walked through the crowded Manhattan streets. I kept walking. It felt colder. The autumn breeze blew across my face and made my skin tingle, even through my sweater.

Walking and walking, I kept walking, fast and scared. I hadn't felt this nervous since I left that damn town, since I left my father and since I left the only guy I'd ever felt like I was falling for. Blaze, my fucking stepbrother.

*I can't do this*, I thought. *I can't call him back.*

There was sign for a local park to my right. I turned on the sidewalk and headed towards that park. There was no one there, and I'd be alone. I made it onto the walking trails and kept going until I was hidden by a brush of thick trees and tall, unkempt grass.

*No*, I told myself. *Stop being such a little bitch.* I could do this. I could call Blaze back and talk to him and not get so overworked that I felt like collapsing. I could do this.

I stopped and stared at my phone. I took a deep breath and hit the call back button near his name. Then I forced my hand to my ear and kept it there.

It rang once…

I could hardly breathe.

I rang twice…

*Hang up*, I thought. *Just hang up. Blaze is in the past. You don't have to talk to him.*

I was about to press the end button, when his voice answered.

“Trevor,” he said.

My heart pounded out of my chest. I couldn’t respond right away.

“Trevor, is, is that you?” he asked.

I let out the breath I’d held and talked fast. I didn’t care about sounding casual. I couldn’t help myself. My voice was shaking like the rest of my nervous body. “Blaze, yes. Yes it’s me. What happened? Your mom. Is she okay? What happened to her?”

“Trevor,” he said. “Look, she’s uh, she’s doing pretty bad.” His voice was shaking, too. “The doctors have her in surgery right now.”

“Surgery?!” I ran my fingers through my hair. I stared at the ground, and in my mind I tried to imagine what Blaze must’ve looked like while he spoke to me. I tried to picture his beautiful eyes and lips. I wondered what he looked like now. Then I thought about his mother, and I imagined her in a hospital room under a cold, cutting knife. My stomach dropped. “What happened? Why is she having-”

“It’s her heart, Trev,” Blaze said.

I stopped talking. My hand went up to my mouth and covered it. When I spoke again, I spoke low in a near whisper, too overcome by the shock of it all. “Oh my God, Blaze. I’m so sorry!”

Blaze sounded like he was choking back tears. “Look, she’ll be out of surgery by tomorrow morning. I just, I thought you should know if you wanted to come see her.”

I hesitated. Seeing her meant that I would have to go back to the town that I swore was forever behind me. But I knew I had to do it. Not just out of obligation, but I still loved Blaze’s mother. She was nice to me and treated me like a son, and even though I hadn’t seen her in years, I wanted to be there for her now. “Blaze, I’ll come back. I promise I’ll get there as soon as I can.”

He paused. “Alright,” he said low. “I guess, I’ll see you here then.”

“Blaze,” I said.

But he was too quick to hang up.

It felt like a cold wave hitting me, knocking me back, sending me back to feeling like a helpless loser again. That’s how I’d felt once back in my hometown, and now, after all this time, I was going back.

# FIFTEEN

I took the first available flight back to Alabama.

When I got there, I rented a small car and drove it back to Crossroads. My hands gripped the steering wheel tight the entire time. I was caught up in nerves and fear and terror that I might never see Blaze's mother again.

*They're going to hate me*, I thought as I forced my foot to stay on the accelerator. The highway and the night's road whizzed by me as I sped along the country.

*They're going to take one look at me and kick me out of town.*

When I got closer to town, I grabbed my phone off the passenger seat. I was scared to call him, but I forced myself to.

It rang twice, and then…

"Hey," Blaze answered.

"Blaze," I said to him. "Hey, I'm back in town. Where are-"

"The hospital," he answered before I could finish. "ICU, room 11."

"Oh, okay," I stuttered. "Do you want me to bring anything?" It was a stupid question, but I felt like I had to say something.

Blaze sighed. "No, Trevor. Just get here."

And then he hung up again.

I gulped and set my phone back on the passenger seat.

So many years, and I was about to see him again, face to face.

Turnington Street was coming up. It's where the hospital was located. I took a right and kept going.

***

When I got to the hospital, I went to the front desk and asked to see Blaze's mother in room 11. But the nurse wouldn't let me in. I wasn't on the list of family that could see her.

*Of course I'm not*, I thought.

But I couldn't blame anybody. In a way, I had abandoned that family four years ago. It wasn't just my father's actions that broke me apart from my family; it was my own, too.

I leaned on the desk, head down while the nurse stared at me.

The nurse wore an expression of annoyance. "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir? I've got a lot of paperwork to get back to."

I looked back at her. The woman had no idea that she had met me almost a decade earlier when I was in the hospital for bronchitis. "No," I told her. I was giving up. "No, I'm fine. Thank you."

I turned to walk away from the desk and towards the door. But before I could walk more than two steps, I heard *him* call my name.

"Trevor?" he asked.

I froze. My feet wouldn't move any further. My body wouldn't turn or budge. My heart pounded again in my chest. Nerves overran me. I couldn't stop it.

"Trevor, is, is that you? Oh my God."

Finally, I turned myself around, slow and careful like I might turn into stone and break if I moved too fast.

Then I saw him, the guy I'd almost fallen for all those years ago. And he was ten times as gorgeous as he was back then. 24 now, and he had a grip on my heart all over again.

Blaze stood tall, taller than me. He seemed to have grown half a foot since last I saw him. And he was broad shouldered and masculine. He'd let facial scruff grow over his defined jaw and face. His hair was a bit longer, dark and wavy. He wore a blue shirt, a plain blue shirt that fell upon his muscled chest and arms. And his stomach was still flat. He was fucking gorgeous, even more than he was four years ago.

He stood next to the front desk. He stood still and stared back at me. He seemed just as surprised to see me as I was to see him. "Trev, I can't believe it. It's really you." I could see his chest rising and falling, nervous like I was.

After a few moments, I took a step forward. "Blaze, you look, you look great."

He smiled a little. There was a sparkle in his eye, a delight to look at me. It seemed to be the only bright thing in his life at the moment.

I'd never seen anyone look at me like he did, like he was only really alive when I was around. "So do you, Trev." He spoke lower. "So do you."

The nurse watched us in confusion. Her eyebrows raised, and her eyes darted back and forth between us. "So, what the hell is going on?" She looked at Blaze. "Sir, is this your husband or something?"

Blaze laughed nervously. He looked away from me, and his cheeks turned a slight shade of embarrassed red. "No, no ma'am. This is, uh…"

The nurse shrugged. "Well, you two could've fooled me. I haven't seen two people look at each other like that since… well I can't even think of anyone like that."

"Ma'am," Blaze said to her. "He's with me."

She went back to her paperwork. "Of course he is sweetheart. And you two make a really cute couple."

Blaze looked back at me. He cracked a smile, that dimpled, beautiful smile I'd almost let myself fall in love with four years ago. And he nodded his head towards the hallway. "Come on, Trev. Let's go."

I followed Blaze past the entrance doors into the ICU. I stayed behind him, staring at him like he was some ghost.

We made it to room 11.

I took a deep breath, ready to go inside and see his mother, when the door flung open and the last person I ever wanted to see marched out.

My father. He came out of the room, his fists clenched and nostrils flaring. For a moment I thought he was going to throw a punch right at my face before I even said hello.

"Roger," Blaze said to him. "Don't get angry."

My father glared at me. Then he turned to Blaze. "What the hell is he doing here? He has no right to be here."

Blaze put his hands on my father's shoulders. "Roger, she's *his* family, too. Please, just calm down."

My father looked back at me. "He stopped being our family when he chose to be… what he is." Then he turned and walked back into

the ICU room. He shut the door behind him.

Blaze sighed. He looked down and rubbed his forehead. Then he looked at me. “Trev, I’m sorry. This has been really hard for your dad. My mom’s been, she’s been doing really bad for a while now.”

I could hear the shakiness in Blaze’s voice.

But I didn’t know how to react at first. I hadn’t seen him in so long; I hadn’t been close with anyone in so long, that I didn’t know what to do to comfort him. So I stayed still, quiet and still.

Blaze shook his head and straightened up. He cleared his throat and spoke louder, a forced confidence. “Look, I’ll go talk to your dad and get him to let you inside, okay?”

I nodded. “Okay.”

Blaze took a last look at me and walked inside the room.

I stood in the hallway. I put my hands in my pockets. Swaying from foot to foot, I couldn’t shake the nervousness from me. It was nerves and it was shame. It was shame and it was embarrassment. I started regretting ever coming back to town. I should’ve stayed away. That’s what my father would’ve wanted.

Almost ten minutes later, the door slowly opened.

I’d been leaning against the wall and waiting. I stood up and watched the door.

My father came out first, and out of the corner of his eye he saw me standing there. He turned away from me and walked down the hall towards the nurses’ station.

Then Blaze stepped halfway out of the room. He spoke low. “Your dad is going to take a walk. You wanna come inside?”

I nodded.

Blaze stepped aside as I walked into the ICU room.

*Oh my God*, I thought as I laid eyes upon his mother. I’d never seen Linda so helpless and fragile. She laid in the hospital bed attached to breathing tubes and monitors. She was pale and skinny. This wasn’t the same bubbly woman who’d tried to be my friend four years ago. This was someone else, someone I didn’t recognize.

I stood next to her bed and just stared at her. It was all I could do. I couldn’t think of anything to say; I couldn’t think of anything to say

to Blaze.

After a few moments, I finally spoke. “Blaze, I’m sorry.”

He stood on the other side of the bed. He looked up at me, and he nodded. He held his mother’s hand.

For the first time since I’d been back to town, I realized that this situation wasn’t all about me. I wasn’t half as important as the woman lying in the bed before me. I’d been so worried about what others would think of me coming back, and at the end of it that wasn’t important at all.

“She’s a strong woman,” I told Blaze. “She has to be to stay with my dad.”

Blaze cracked a small smile, but I think he was just humoring me.

I knelt down next to the bed and held his mother’s hand. “How long will it take to recover?”

Blaze shrugged. “Doctors aren’t sure, yet. The surgery went okay, but her heart was in pretty bad condition before.” He took a deep breath. “So, we’ll just see.”

After ten minutes, my father came back into the room. He stood near the door, and he wouldn’t take another step further until I was out.

I took a last look at Blaze’s mother, and I kissed her hand. “I’ll see you, soon.”

Blaze stood still.

I took what I thought would be a last look at him and nodded. “Goodbye, Blaze.”

And I didn’t even look at my father as I left the room.

Out in the parking lot, I walked towards my rental car.

There were footsteps behind me, running towards me. “Trevor, wait!”

I turned around.

Blaze ran out of the hospital to catch up to me.

I waited for him, happy that I could at least talk to him some more.

He stood in front of me and caught his breath. He seemed nervous for asking. “Where are you staying tonight?”

I shrugged. “Didn’t really think about it. A hotel, I guess.”

He took another few breaths, staring at me. “Stay with me.”

My eyebrows raised a little in confusion. With him? “You mean, at the house?”

He shook his head. “No, I live by myself now. So, stay with me tonight.”

Staying with Blaze… all those urges and stirrings came back to me. I just wouldn’t sleep with him. That was my plan. *Don’t sleep with him.*

I nodded. “Okay.”

# SIXTEEN

I followed Blaze. He drove his new truck across the highway towards the edge of town.

He lived in a small house on some land that he worked on.

I pulled into the dirt driveway after him.

"It's not much," he said to me as we stepped out of our vehicles. "But it's what I got for now while I save up money."

"I like it," I told him.

It was quiet out there in the country, so different from the city I'd left behind that morning. I liked it. I think I needed it, that quiet for a while.

We went inside.

Blaze made his way to his kitchen. "I was gonna have a beer. Do you want one?"

"No, I'm good." I felt so nervous that I was worried one beer might turn into more until I was too drunk to function.

I stood in his living room.

Blaze came back with a beer. He didn't sit down.

We both seemed uncomfortable around one another. We'd forgotten how to talk to one another.

"You've done well for yourself," I finally said. "Your house looks good."

He nodded. "Thanks." He looked me in the eyes while he sipped on his beer.

We kept making awkward glances at one another.

I didn't want him to see how attracted I still felt to him.

"How's the city?" he asked.

"It's good." I looked away from him and towards the living room window. There was nothing but dark country beyond it. "Yeah, everything is okay where I'm at."

When I looked back at him, I noticed his fingers tapping against the beer bottle he held. It was anxious energy, like he was holding something back.

“You know,” he said, “Mr. Bennison almost got rid of that Mustang you wanted so badly.”

That Mustang seemed like such a faraway dream now. I shrugged. “What’d he do with it?”

“I took it from him,” Blaze answered. “It’s parked at the old house. I uh, I wanted it to be there in case you ever came back to this damn town.”

“Blaze,” I started to say.

“Why didn’t you ever come back?” he asked fast.

I hesitated. “Blaze, no one wanted me back.”

“I did,” he said. “I wanted you to come back.”

“There was nothing here for me, Blaze.” I turned away from him and walked towards that window. His house suddenly felt suffocating and small.

He drank half his beer and left it on the end table near the couch.

He stood behind me, close to my body. “*I* was still here, Trev.”

I turned around and faced him.

*Fuck*, I thought. I was so close to him now. I looked into his eyes and was met with the same desire for me that I felt for him. My hands rose up and went underneath his jacket. I touched his sides.

He breathed a little harder. “I was still here, Trev,” he repeated.

He tilted his head. He was going to kiss me.

What little instinct I had left to protect my emotions kicked in and I pulled back from him.

"Trevor what's wrong?" he asked.

"Blaze..." I put my hands on his shoulders. I could feel the testosterone rising off of him. It was soaking into me like a drug. "I don't know about this."

He licked his lips. "Me neither, Trev. Trust me, this isn't what I had planned. I was just going to see you, maybe talk some, and let you go. But now that I have you right in front of me, I don't know if I can resist you." His lips landed on mine before I could stop him.

And after our lips met, I didn't want to stop him. I should've known that resisting Blaze would be a losing battle.

"We've done this before, Blaze," I said.

He started kissing and sucking on my neck. He groaned. "I know, Trev."
My eyes started to close and I leaned my head to the side for him to taste my skin. "And it ended so badly last time."
He bit near my collar bone, gentle and yet aggressive. He pulled my body closer to his. "I know, Trev."
My fingers ran through the back of his hair. "This is just going to hurt me again."
He stopped. Eyes closed, he rested his forehead on mine. His hands squeezed my sides. Our erections grinded against one another. "Tell me to stop, then," he said. "Tell me to stop, and I will for you."
I tugged at his hair and his shirt. I couldn't do it. I kissed him. I let him slide his tongue into my mouth. "Just this one time," I breathed. "Just one last time."
He grabbed the bottom of my shirt and yanked it over me. He tossed it to the floor while I undid his belt.
His hands ran down my back and squeezed my butt as I undid his jeans.
I slipped my hand underneath his clothes. His cock was hard and throbbed when I stroked it.
He growled and kissed me, attacking my mouth with his wicked tongue.
I pulled down his jeans and freed his rock hard manhood.
He took off his shirt and threw it where mine landed.
"I've missed this so much," he said.
"I've missed *you* so much," I panted before letting his lips silence me again.
I kissed his neck and his chest. I bent forward and kissed his stomach. I got onto my knees before him, ready to taste his cock. I kissed the head, and he moaned. I slipped it halfway into my hot, wet mouth, and his eyes rolled back.
He grabbed the back of my head and pushed his cock all the way to the back of my throat. God, it felt good to have Blaze’s dick in between my lips again. Like it belonged there. Like he was mine and only mine.

When he was done with my mouth, he pulled me to my feet and put his tongue back in between my lips. "Good job, Trev."
I laughed and hit his chest. "Shut up, asshole."
He grinned. "Speaking of assholes." He reached around and squeezed my butt. "Let's go to my bedroom."
He stepped out of his clothes, and buck naked he led me to back to bedroom where he yanked down my jeans.
"I can't wait to fuck you hard, Trev." He threw me back onto his bed. He grabbed my jeans and yanked them off my legs. He tore my briefs off and tossed them to the floor.
My heart pounded against my chest so hard it felt like it would burst. He climbed onto me and spread my legs around his waist. The head of his cock rubbed against my hole and teased me until I was whimpering for him to be inside me.
No one could make feel like Blaze did. It was a rush, a drug, adrenaline and blinding passion. Like we were the only two men on earth, made for each other.
He kissed my lips, my neck and my chest. He moved down and kissed my stomach.
My body tingled all over.
"You know," he said, "I don't think I've ever sucked your cock before." He winked at me. "Wanna see if I'm any good?"
I bit my lip and smiled. "Show me what you got, Blaze."
He stayed on his hands and knees at the end of his bed, looking back at me with a wicked spark of delight in his eyes as his mouth hovered above my aching prick.
He licked under my shaft with the tip of his tongue. He did circles around the head of my cock.
The teasing sent a trembling wave over me. He looked sexy as hell. "You're making me throb, Blaze."
He flashed a grin. Then he opened his mouth and took my cock halfway down. It was wet and warm. His firm tongue pressed up against my shaft.
My eyes rolled back. My hands clutched at the bedsheets. "Oh my God," I groaned.

He bobbed up and down on my shaft, taking it deeper into his mouth each time.
I laid my head back on his pillow. My legs trembled. They opened for him. My body begged for him.
I heard him gag as he took my cock to the very back of his throat, and he then he pushed himself further on it to take it an extra inch.
My head whipped upward and I stared at him. "Whoa," I panted.
He lifted off my rod and stroked me. He smiled with spit hanging off his mouth. "You've never been deep throated?"
I shook my head.
He grinned. "Good." Then he took my cock to the back of his throat again, choking on it as long as he could.
"Holy fuck," I moaned, watching him in amazement.
He gagged and lifted off. "Holy shit, Trev."
We both laughed a little.
He climbed back on top of me. "I can taste your precome."
"Oh yeah? Do you like it?"
He pinned me down and forcefully kissed me. "I fucking love it." He used his legs to spread mine around him.
For a moment he paused and stared at me. He had this look in his eyes while looking into mine, it wasn't just desire, it was a sense of belonging. Like that look in his eyes only existed when his eyes were on me. "Can I tell you something?"
He had me naked, legs spread around him and ready to take his raging manhood, and he wanted to stop and talk? And yet, my heart was racing just to hear what he had to say.
"I don't feel alone when I'm with you," he said.
I breathed shallow and quick. My eyes drowned in his gaze. "Blaze..."
"I feel alone around anyone else, all the time," he said. "But never with you, Trev."
This is a one time thing, I told myself. I couldn't let myself fall for him. It's just a hookup.
I grabbed his shoulders and pulled him down, forcing his body weight onto me. His cock was poking at my hole. "Blaze, just fuck me already."

He growled. "Fine then." He licked his fingers and then reached for my hole. He got me wet. He got me hot and ready. Ready to fuck away these dangerous desires.
He grunted as he lined up his cock to my ass. "You ready?"
My eyes closed. "Ye-"
And before I finished that single word, he thrust his cock into me, stretching me open and sending a wave of sharp pain and explosive pleasure through me. "Oh fuck!"
He didn't take it easy. He pulled out and thrust into me hard. Then again and again. He fucked me like he was angry at me.
I held on tight to his shoulder and raked my nails down his back so hard I scratched him. The pain went away after the sixth thrust and all I felt was ecstasy.
"Yes," I begged, "fuck me!"
He grunted and heaved and panted and sweat and thrust and squeezed my flesh. "Shut up Trevor and let me fuck you," he demanded.
Shut up? Fuck him, I thought. "Fuck me harder!"
He leaned up and raised my hips up into the air. He drilled my ass like it was the last sex he'd ever have.
"Fuck!" I cried out. I went to jerk myself off, but he threw my hand away.
"Fuck you, Blaze," I sneered.
He leaned over me, holding his body weight up with one arm. He spit into his other palm and stroked my rigid prick. "No, fuck you Trev." With every word he thrust deep into me. "Fuck - you - Trev."
Our eyes were locked with one another like two fighting bulls, and Blaze was going to win.
He fucked me and stroked me. I whimpered then moaned. Then I cried out deep. I grabbed onto the back of his neck and held on for dear life. His eyes seared into mine. His face reddened and his nostrils flared with heavy breaths.
I couldn't hold back. My face scrunched and my muscles tensed. "Blaze!" I yipped. I stared into his eyes, lost in them, like they consumed me and the whole room. I felt my warm come jetting onto my chest and stomach. He fucked me empty, leaving me drenched.

He thrust seven more times. He leaned over me. His eyes shut and his mouth opened like he might cry. His body locked up and his cock throbbed hard inside me. "Fuck," he whimpered in a high pitch. He came and came, flooding me.

And when he was done, he let his weight fall on me. For a moment he bit on my ear. His hot breath tingled my skin.

We laid still.

We breathed slower and deeper.

We didn't speak.

# SEVENTEEN

"I haven't been in town for more than a few hours," I said, "and already I've gotten my brains fucked out."

Blaze laughed softly.

We laid next to one each other, still naked and staring up at the ceiling.

"There are worse ways to spend your time back in this town," Blaze said. He spoke in the sleepy, slightly scratchy voice that. Sexy as fuck.

I smiled. "Yeah, I guess so."

We laid there for some minutes without talking.

Then Blaze asked something I wouldn't have ever expected him to.

"Wanna smoke?"

I cocked my head. "Smoke? You smoke cigarettes now, Blaze? Damn, things really *have* changed."

He laughed as he slipped out of bed. "No, Trev. Weed."

Even more surprised, I sat up onto my elbows and watched him go to his dresser drawer. "Holy shit, you smoke weed?"

While he dug through his drawer to get the pot, I stared at his ass. I still wasn't used to how much more muscle he'd put on over the four years I'd been away.

He retrieved a joint and lighter from his drawer and came back to bed. "Yes, Trevor," he answered with a wicked smile. "I smoke weed now."

I watched him.

He popped the joint in between his lips and lit it. He inhaled deep, held it, then blew it out so smooth he was like an island gangster. Then he offered me a puff. "Don't you smoke? I figured you would've by now."

I laughed. "Oh really, and why's that?" I took the joint from him.

"Because I know you," he answered. "Or at least, I think I do."

I inhaled from the joint, but it quickly stung and burnt my lungs so I coughed again and again.

Blaze took the joint from me and laughed. He put his arm around me while I coughed.

"I haven't… smoke… in a… long… time," I said through my fit.

He took another hit and exhaled like a pro. "Obviously, Trev."

When he had finished the joint, we laid under his covers in bed in the dark.

"Blaze," I said to him. "I really *am* sorry about your mom. I didn't know things had gotten so bad for her."

"It's okay," he said quietly. "Life happens. Even *she* would tell you that. That's what she told me when I was angry about it. She said this is life and heartache happens."

We stayed quiet for a little while longer.

"Trev," Blaze said.

"Yeah?"

"I'm glad you came back."

# EIGHTEEN

At first, I couldn't understand why Blaze wanted to go to church that Sunday. I asked him if he went regularly, and he told me that he hardly ever went.

Our parents went regularly, but since his mother was in the hospital my father wouldn't be going either.

"Then why are you going today?" I asked him.

He was tying a tie in front of his bathroom mirror. "Because I am, okay?" he snapped at me.

I stood back in the doorway. I folded my arms and looked down. "Alright then, sorry for asking." I decided it was safer not to talk. His mother was in the hospital, and I didn't want to upset him any more than he already was.

He finished tying his tie and turned to me. He took a deep breath. "I just, I want to pray for my mom, alright. I've never really even prayed before, Trev. All those times we went to church, I never really prayed. And now, I don't know. I think, I think that…" He was starting to cry.

I took a step forward.

"Maybe this is all happening because of the things that I did," he said. "The things I do. You know? Maybe I'm an evil person, and so if I go to church I can make it alright and my mom will live." Tears were forming in his eyes and his voice shook.

I put my hands on his shoulders and tried to pull him to me.

But he wouldn't let me console him.

He pulled away from me and wiped his eyes.

My stomach dropped and a lump formed in my throat. "Blaze, do you think that – what we've done, is why your mom is in the hospital?"

He wiped his eyes and nose. He looked down with his hands on his hips. "Trev, I don't wanna say it. It's just, it's something I've thought about sometimes. If a man lays with another man…"

But he didn't finish that bible verse. Maybe he couldn't because he didn't believe it, or maybe he didn't want to hurt me.

I couldn't be mad at him. I didn't know what it was like to have someone you loved so much slipping through your fingers. I had never loved anyone like that, not even his mother. I had never let her in, or anyone else.

"Blaze, I don't know a lot about God," I told him. "Most of my life I'm not even sure I've believed in one."

He stayed still and looked down.

"But I know that whatever God there is, he wouldn't kill your mother because of the way you feel. That's something you can't help. That's something neither of us can help."

He took a deep breath, calming down.

"You know," I continued. "I spent a long time hating myself because of the way I am. I like sex with men, and that's something I can't change."

He finally looked up at me.

"Why would God make us this way if he was just going to punish us for it?" I asked him.

He hesitated. "I don't know. That's a good point."

I took another step forward. I almost reached out to touch him but held back. Instead I just met his gaze and kept it. "Blaze, I care about you. And you love your mom. We didn't hurt anyone. I don't know about you, but I don't regret what we did." I started to choke back my own emotions. "And I know I never will."

We stood still and quiet.

He cleared his throat and stood up straight. "You wanna go with me?"

I gulped. "To, to church?"

He nodded. "Yes."

I waited to answer, staring into his eyes. He was serious about it. "Okay."

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“Oh Lord,” I sighed.

“That’s good,” Blaze said in sarcasm, “go ahead and start praying now.”

I rode passenger while Blaze drove us into the church parking lot.

“I shouldn’t have come,” I told him. “I can’t do this. Blaze, this is bad. The second I walk into that church I’m going to light up in flames.”

Blaze started laughing under his breath.

“What?” I groaned. “What’s so funny?”

“I thought,” he said through laughs, “I thought you already were.”

“What?” I asked. “In flames?”

He burst out in laughter and nodded. “Yes!”

I sat still while he laughed his ass off, beating the steering wheel and hollering.

“Funny,” I mumbled. “Real funny. A gay joke.” I folded my arms and pouted, but I couldn’t help but crack a smile.

Blaze needed this, to laugh like this. He laughed like he hadn’t laughed in years.

Once he calmed down he took a few deep breaths and wiped his eyes that had watered. “Holy shit, Trev.”

“Don’t curse,” I told him. “We’re in God’s parking lot, now.”

He leaned back in his seat and looked my way. He licked his lips and then bit on his bottom one.

I looked back at him, uncomfortable and yet enjoying his eyes on my body. The way he looked at me made me feel special. No one, not even the men I’d met in New York, ever looked at me the way Blaze did.

He looked me in the eyes. “I’m glad your back, Trev.”

Blaze made me feel at ease. I breathed a little slower looking back at him, back at his slight smile. “Me too.” I took a deep breath and put my hand on the door handle. “Alright, let’s do this.”

“Trev, wait,” he said. “I should tell you something.”

“Okay…”

“After you left, people started talking… about us. Rumors got out that we, uh, you know, had a thing.” He sighed. “People are probably

not gonna be friendly towards us."

I looked at him. I looked at the church. I took a deep breath. "I don't care what they think anymore, Blaze."

We walked together into the service room of the church.

Immediately, I noticed all the people from high school that I'd left behind. They'd gotten older and fatter. It made sense. In small towns, people settle like dust, have kids and put on weight.

I didn't exactly like feeling this way, but I felt a little arrogant having become ten times better looking than I was in the past while these guys, the ones that never liked me and made fun of me, had gotten boring and ugly.

My pride was quickly squashed as I noticed more and more people glaring at me and whispering amongst themselves.

Blaze leaned into my ear. "Don't worry about them," he whispered. "We don't have to talk to any of them. Here let's sit in the back."

He led me to the pew at the very back and we sat down.

I noticed people in the room turning around to take sneering glances at me like I was some sort of curse brought to destroy their church.

I clenched my teeth and bore the embarrassment.

Even Preacher Danson looked out at me from the front. He spoke with some of his friends while looking at me. "Everyone, please quiet down, we're about to start." In four years he looked like he'd aged twenty. But that's what happens when you're so angry about sin all the time.

Blaze leaned forward on his knees. He had his chin resting on his closed fists, and I could see the overwhelming fear and concern on his face. He was hoping so much that being here would somehow make a miracle for his mother.

And I wanted to give him hope, but I didn't know what to say. I didn't believe in miracles. I put my hand on his shoulder. That's all I could do.

"Let's begin with a hymn shall we?" Danson asked of the audience.

Everyone opened their hymnals while the small choir at the front sang.

Blaze and I didn't sing a word. The whole time Blaze kept his head down and looking at the floor. He didn't want to be here to hear a service or songs. He wanted to be here to pray. That was all he wanted.

Eventually, Danson got on with the service. "I want to make a few changes to what I was originally going to talk about this morning." His eyes landed on me for a moment before turning back to the crowd. "Today, I want to talk about the parable of the prodigal son."

*Oh God*, I thought. The prodigal son, the son who left his family to party in the city, lost everything and came back crawling to that same family. I remembered them teaching it to us when we younger, in Sunday School. I never forgot it.

"The prodigal son, ladies and gentleman," Danson continued. "I believe we can all learn something from him."

I rolled my eyes. Then I muttered under my breath, "Here we go."

Danson went on for a good twenty minutes about the story itself. There were a few "Amen" cheers from the crowd as expected. I noticed a few people I went to high school with really getting into it.

"Jesus," I muttered.

Blaze wasn't paying attention to the sermon. He kept looking down with his hands folded near his face.

"And now," Danson said, "let us speak about prodigal sons in our own lives. Every family has one." His eyes went straight to me and stayed there.

A few other heads in the crowd turned and faced me.

*Are you kidding me*, I thought. This was really happening. He was going to call me out in front of the entire church, and for what? To make himself look holier?

"And I think it's up to us," Danson went on, "to punish this prodigal son, and make sure that he can't corrupt our Christian faith like he's corrupted his own life."

"Oh come on," I groaned a little too loud.

A few people in the pew in front of me turned their heads.

“Sorry,” I muttered.

“Do not be afraid,” Danson said, “to call out the prodigal son and remind him of his sinful nature.”

*What the hell is going on?* My mind started racing. My nerves were racing. Everything was racing and I felt ready to race out of that damn church.

Even Blaze raised his head in disbelief. “What the hell is going on?” he whispered.

“Do not be afraid,” Danson said, “to put the prodigal son in his place.”

“That’s it,” I said. I couldn’t take any more of this backhanded public shaming. I should’ve known better than to think these people would ever accept me, especially into a church.

I stood up from the pew and made my way fast towards the exit.

Blaze stood up and almost called my name.

“Well, well,” Danson said to me over the crowd. “The prodigal son walks away again.”

I turned around and looked at all of them. They glared back at me with this kind of hatred I hadn’t seen since my father kicked me out of the house four years ago.

But I wasn’t that same helpless person I was back then. I didn’t have to take this from them. “Prodigal son, right?” I said.

“Trevor,” Blaze said under his breath.

“That’s what you want to call me, right?” I said to the audience. “The prodigal son. Do you hypocrites even know what I’ve been through since I’ve been gone?”

None of them answered.

“What about you, Roy?” I asked of the man two pews in front of me. I knew him from the food market he worked at when I was in high school. “Do you want to know what this prodigal son has to say about your porn collection? Do you still keep it under your desk at work?”

The audience gasped.

Roy’s wife glared at him in disbelief.

“And you Lisa?” I asked of the overweight woman near the front

of the room. “Does everyone here know about the hand jobs you gave Mr. Penniesworth for an A in science class?”

Everyone started to shift in their seats.

“That’s enough!” Danson roared from the podium. “Leave this church, now, you filthy devil!”

I turned to walk out the door.

“Why did you two think you could ever come back here?” Danson asked of Blaze and I. “Everyone knows what you did.”

I looked at Blaze, and he looked at me.

Blaze seemed like he was at the end of his tolerance as well. His nostrils flared and his fists turned to fists. After everything he’d gone through, I figured he was ready to explode with anger just like I was.

He marched out into the aisle and to me. He stood right in front of me, and I thought he was about to grab me and lead us out of that church to make our getaway. But instead he did something much, much more self-destructive… and I fucking loved it.

“You know what?” he asked of the rest of the people, turning to face them. “You all wanna know the truth about me and my stepbrother?”

The room went silent.

Blaze took a deep breath. “Yeah, it’s true.”

Some people gasped.

Danson looked so red with rage I thought his head would pop off.

“I fucked my stepbrother and we loved it, and I’d do it again and again,” Blaze said.

My eyes widened and my jaw dropped. I was elated, and Blaze had never looked sexier.

Then Blaze turned around, making sure that everyone in that room could see us. He grabbed my face and pulled it to him. He kissed me. He pressed his lips hard against mine and jammed his tongue into my mouth.

I stayed still. I was in too much shock.

Everyone just gasped at first, too shocked like me.

Then I finally started to kiss him back. I felt hot and smothered in attraction for him. I got hard in my pants, and as our bodies pressed

up against one another I could feel his erection, too, right there in the church in front of everyone.

In seconds the rest of the church erupted in boos and screams and hollers.

Blaze stopped kissing me. “Come on we have to go!”

He took me by the hand and we dashed out of the church.

As we raced across the parking lot and to his truck, a few people followed out of the church. They were screaming and throwing their fists. They were furious and ready to kill us.

We jumped into his truck and he revved the engine. We peeled out of the parking lot and raced back towards the highway.

We laughed our asses off.

“That was great!” he said. “Holy shit. I’ve wanted to tell those people off for years, and you finally did it, Trev.”

“You think so?” I couldn’t wipe the grin off my face.

“Yeah!” He grabbed my thigh and squeezed it. “That was awesome. *You* were awesome, Trev.”

We stared into one another’s eyes, breathing heavy and fast. We were a couple of trouble starting stepbrothers on the run now, and neither of us cared who we pissed off anymore.

Blaze’s new found rebelliousness turned me on more than I could put into words. I was rock hard, twitching against my zipper.

Blaze must’ve been able to sense it. His eyes looked me up and down in this frantic kind of lusty desire.

I bit my lip while looking at him. “Blaze?”

“Yeah Trev,” he growled. His nostrils flared with deep breaths. I could see his chest rising and falling.

We both wanted the same thing, and we wanted it right then and there.

“Pull over,” I demanded.

The truck rocked back and forth. My hands gripped the side of the truck bed, and I clung onto the warm metal as Blaze fucked me from behind.

My jeans were lowered around my butt, and Blaze had the fly of his

jeans down enough to free his cock so he could drill it into me.
"Fuck," I grunted. "Oh my God, yes!"
It was the rush of rebelling against that damn town. It was the rush of fucking next to Blaze's truck right there on the side of the highway in broad daylight.
"Yeah, Trev," Blaze panted. "Yeah, this is fucking amazing!"
I slapped my hand against the bed as I came. I squealed in delight, shooting come onto the pavement.
Blaze thrust into me four more times before pulling out and coming on bare butt. He squeezed my shoulder hard through his orgasm. When he was done, he pulled me up and turned my face to his.
We kissed under the bright sunlight.
"Here," Blaze said. He stripped off his shirt and used it to wipe his come off of me. "Trevor that was insane."
I pulled my jeans up. "You're insane, Blaze." I turned and faced him.
He pulled me to him. "We're both insane, Trev. I think that's why I like you so much."
I put my arms around his shoulders like he was mine. For that moment, I let myself believe it for once, that there was somehow a chance that Blaze could be mine.
But he had to go and ruin it.
He was smiling when he said it. "I hope my future wife is okay with me fucking you."
My stomach dropped. I almost gagged.
He could see the smile fade from my face. "What's wrong? Did I say something?"
I pulled away from him. "You're future wife, Blaze?"
"Well not in the near future," he said. "I don't even have a girlfriend right now, Trev. It was just a joke."
I leaned against the truck.
"I didn't mean anything by it," he said.
It wasn't his fault. He didn't know how I felt about him, and I was too stubborn to let him ever find out.
"I think it's about time for me to go back to New York," I told him.
He stared at me, and then he lowered his head. "Okay."

As he drove me back to his place, I felt numb again because I wouldn't let myself feel anything. Not regret. Not longing or love. Nothing.

I knew this would be the last time I would ever be in this town, and I wanted one thing to take with me so that I could remember at one point I'd been okay here. As much as I didn't want to love Blaze, I didn't want to forget him either. I wanted something to remind me of the family I used to have.

# NINETEEN

Blaze drove me back to my rental car at his place. “Are you sure you want to do this? Go back to the old house?”

I looked out towards the horizon, and something told me that things would never be the same for me here, so I needed at least something to remind me of the way things used to be, when they were at least happier.

I looked back at Blaze and nodded. “Yes. I want a photo.”

Blaze nodded. “Alright then. Let’s go.”

I drove my rental car, following his truck through town and out onto the other side in the fields and country until we arrived at the old house.

Just looking at it again made my stomach drop. “Holy hell,” I whispered.

It looked the same, only older. The weeds had grown around it, and the walls themselves seemed to be leaning and chipping and dying.

We stepped out and walked towards the door.

I noticed my father’s old truck in the dirt drive. “He’s here isn’t he?”

Blaze nodded. “Trev, are you sure you wanna do this?”

I avoided his question a little while longer. I caught a glance at a vehicle near the house, covered by a tarp. “Is that the Mustang?”

“Yeah. Haven’t ran it in over a year.”

I lifted the tarp off the driver’s door and opened it. I sat inside. It smelled of dust and old leather. I ran my hands over the steering wheel. “I was gonna run away in this thing. Run away from this town and never look back.”

Blaze stood outside, near the open driver’s door. “The keys are up under your seat there. I figured if I left them there I’d never lose them. And I could give ‘em to you one day.”

I got the keys and felt them in my hand. “I wanted this car so badly.” Then I put the keys back and stepped out. “But that was a long time ago.” I walked toward the front door of the house.

“Trev,” Blaze warned, “Your dad might be mad at you for-”

I put my hand on the screen door and opened it. “I don’t care what he thinks anymore, Blaze. This is my life and I’m gonna live it the way I want.” I put my hand on the doorknob and turned it. “He’s not even my father anymore. Just some man.”

And then I opened the door.

Blaze and I walked inside, and we didn’t make it two steps before my father stumbled out from behind the wall of the kitchen with a half-empty whiskey bottle in his hand.

“Trevor,” my father slurred, “you little shit, what did you do? Dan, Danson been callin’ me…” He raised the tip of the whiskey bottle and used it to point at me. “What the hell did both o’ you do?” He yelled at Blaze and me, slurring and drunk.

“God damn it,” I mumbled. I looked at my father with pity. “I didn’t know he was drinking this much again.”

Blaze put his hand on my shoulder. “Yeah, he started a few months ago, and it’s gotten bad.”

“You like touching my son, don’t you?” my father asked of Blaze. He stumbled forward to us. “You like fucking him, too?”

“Dad, please,” I tried.

“Shut the hell up!” he roared. He gulped some whiskey. “You two are disgusting. Fucking disgusting. And I can’t believe I ever even considered you a son to me, Blaze. At least I always knew Trevor was a faggot, but I never thought you was one, too.”

“Roger, don’t do this,” Blaze said.

“I’m just gonna get the photo,” I said to Blaze.

My father stood in front of me, almost blocking my way.

I went to move around him, but he grabbed me by my throat and pushed me back until he had me pinned against the wall. He dropped the whiskey bottle so that he could use both hands.

“Get off of him!” Blaze said as he went to grab my father.

“Blaze, no!” I shouted. I raised my hand.

Blaze stayed back, but he was on edge and ready to fight if he needed to.

My father, once again, had me pinned to the wall by my throat. I saw that same rage and fury in his eyes that I did last time. He hated me. He wanted me to die. He wished I'd never been born, or at least that I was born straight.

But I wasn't the same, weak Trevor that had been terrified of him four years ago. I wasn't afraid of him now. "Dad… let me go."

He heaved and grunted. His grip around my throat tightened. He would've killed me if no one else was here.

"Dad," I said choking.

"Trevor!" Blaze said. He was ready to pulverize my father.

"Let – me – go," I said to my father.

He looked me in the eyes. "I wish you were dying instead of her." And then his grip around my throat tightened so that I couldn't breathe.

And I knew what I had to do.

I clenched my fist and punched him in his ribs, hard and fierce.

He lost his breath, grunting and bending over in pain, clutching at his ribs.

I shoved him off of me.

He stumbled back and flipped over the old couch, and he crashed onto the floor. He moaned and groaned, and he didn't get back up.

Blaze and I stood still and stared at him.

I took a few moments to catch my breath.

"Trevor, are you okay?"

I didn't answer. After everything my father had put me through, after everything he'd tried to do to me, I felt an overwhelming shame to have knocked him down like I did. He was a bastard, but he was still *my father*, whether I wanted to think of him that way or not.

I took a deep breath. "I just want a photo, and then we can leave."

Blaze stayed in the living room and kept an eye on my father.

In my old bedroom, I found they'd cleared a good amount of it out. My personal things: posters, sheets, notebooks, they were gone like I knew they'd be. All there was of my bed was a naked mattress.

In the closet I found an old box full of things I used to keep on my desk, and a framed picture of the old family was there. We were happier then – me, Blaze, his mom and my dad. We were smiling at the lake.

I fought back some tears while I wiped the dust off the cracked, glass frame.

Out in the living room, I made my way to the door. “Blaze, let’s go.”

He left first, and I held onto the door and took a last look at this home I knew for sure that I’d never return to. I took a last look at my father, passed out on the floor, too drunk to get up. And I felt it’d be the last time I ever saw him, too.

I choked back my emotions before I could let them get the best of me. “Goodbye Dad.”

And then I left. I closed that door behind me, never looking back.

# TWENTY

I packed up the little amount of stuff I'd brought to town with me back at Blaze's place.

"Trevor you don't have to go," Blaze told me.

I laughed at him. "Man, I'm surprised you're staying. This town hates both of us, Blaze. I won't stay here."

We made our way outside and I threw my bag into the rental car. I leaned against the door.

Blaze stood before me, watching me, and I could see the sadness in his eyes. "Maybe we could go somewhere else, together?"

The idea sounded nice, but I didn't believe in anything that wasn't realistic anymore. "Blaze, I've got a life in the city already. I'm not leaving it."

He lowered his head. "You know, I missed you, Trevor. I missed you a lot. You know, I think a part of me, always felt for you – more than just stepbrothers, more than just a friend. And I've never felt that way about any other man."

I closed the door to the car and stepped forward to him. "Blaze, I want you to be completely honest with me. Are you – are you gay?"

He looked up at me with his lips pursed.

"After everything we've been through," I said, "after everything we've done… and what you just said… don't you think you might be?" Part of me hoped he'd say yes.

He hesitated, looking me in the eyes. Then he shook his head. "No, Trev."

My shoulders dropped. "Alright, then. Whatever." I turned around and walked towards the driver's side of the car.

Blaze grabbed my arm and spun me around. "Trev, I'm just being honest."

"Yeah, I know you are!"

"Listen to me," he demanded. "I care about you. I really do. And when we're together… it's…" He cracked a bashful smile. "… it's fucking amazing. But, man, I still like women. And I don't feel

attracted to any other men, at all."

He was making my heart swell with happiness, and stomping on it at the same time.

"Trev," he said, "I don't wanna lose you again. Just stay, just a little while. We can work something out."

I pulled my arm away from him. "That's not fair to me, Blaze."

"Why not?" he asked. He took a step closer.

"Let me go," I said. I wanted to walk away from him but my feet wouldn't take me. I wanted to walk away from, but I also wanted to grab him and be closer to him.

"Trevor why is this not fair?" He stood right in front of me, pinning me against the hood of my car.

"Blaze, stop," I said. But my hands landed on his chest.

He could sense that I was falling for his power, once again, and he smiled as he leaned onto me. He tilted his head to the side. "If you stay, you can get this any time you want."

*Fuck you*, I thought. But my hands were thinking something else, grabbing at his shirt and his body and pulling him on top of me.

Our breaths were fast and short. Our bodies were hot for one another.

Blaze put his lips on mine and started making out with me.

"Blaze, no," I whispered through kisses.

He ran his hands down my sides until they were at my hips. He pulled at my legs to get them to spread around his waist. He sat me up onto the hood and locked my legs around him while keeping my mouth busy with his lips and tongue.

For a moment I let myself go. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders. I kissed him back. I let him grind against me.

And then, just when I was about to let him take full control, I pushed him off of me. I almost kicked him away from me.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

I wiped my mouth of his kiss. "Blaze, I said no. I'm leaving, and I fucking meant it."

He stayed still and watched in anger and confusion.

I marched around to the driver's side of the car. I opened the

door.

"Why, Trevor?" he asked. "I'll never understand why you did this."

"Did what?"

"Made me want you like this, just to run away."

I took a deep breath. I still didn't want to tell him, and I still didn't want it to feel real by saying it out loud. But if I was going to leave again, I knew he at least deserved to know why I wouldn't let him be with me.

"Whatever, man," he said as he started to turn around. "Just leave."

"This is all just fun for you, Blaze," I said to him.

He stopped and turned back around.

"This is all just fun for you," I repeated. "This is just fucking around and having sex. That's all this is for you, and you know it. You care about me, sure, but you'll never feel the way about me that I-" I took another deep breath and finally spilled those words. "-the way that I care about you."

He didn't say a word, just watched and listened.

"I…" I choked down the lump in my throat. "I love you, Blaze. I love you, and if I stay to be with you… I'll just fall for you, and you'll never fall for me. That's why I'm leaving."

He didn't say anything. He didn't know what to say. He stared back at me, a stoic expression across his face, his nostrils flaring with deep breathing.

I took a last look at him. "Goodbye, Blaze."

I got into the car and drove away from him as fast as I could.

His reflection stayed in the rearview mirror. He stood outside his house, watching me leave.

And as I held firmly to the steering wheel and kept my foot on the gas, I finally broke down and cried. But at least I was alone. At least Blaze didn't see it.

# TWENTY-ONE

I went back to the city, back to being on my own. Lonely and free, dancing at the club at nights, and taking more modeling gigs during the day.

But every morning I woke up wanting to go right back to sleep so I couldn't feel.

I missed him. Every second I missed Blaze, and it was torture to let time carry on without him.

***

A month later...

I was back at my apartment in the city, sitting on my couch with a newspaper in front of me, circling all of the ads for new apartments. I figured if everything else in my life was moving on, I should finally upgrade to some better living.

There was a knock on my door.

I shut the newspaper and walked to my front door, and when I looked through the peephole I stopped breathing.

I opened the door.

Blaze stood on the other side, holding a duffle bag and dressed in a coat and jeans. He didn't say anything, just stared at me, his eyes widened as he took a deep breath.

"Hey," I said.

He let out that deep breath and smiled. "Hey, Trev."

***

"How'd you find me?" I asked. "I didn't tell anyone my address."

"It was on some old Christmas cards you sent my mom, Trev."

I laughed at him. "You should be a detective."

"Maybe I should."

We sat at my small, dining table near the kitchen window. We each had a beer in front of us.

“This city is insane,” Blaze said. “I’ve never seen so many people packed in together in my life.”

I laughed. “You’d get used to it if you lived here.”

“Maybe I would,” he said, gazing out the window.

After a few moments, I finally asked. “Blaze, why did you come?”

He finished his beer and set it down. “Because I wanted to see you. I did a lot of thinking back home, and I decided that you’re something I want in my life no matter what, Trev. Even just as friends. No sex. No messing around. I want you in my life.” He ran his fingers over his empty beer bottle. “I’m actually kind of surprised you let me into your apartment. I thought you might not let me.”

I laughed a little. “Well, I wouldn’t just leave you out in the hallway, Blaze. Hell, you’re about as far away from home as you can get right now. I wouldn’t leave you stranded in the city.”

He smiled back at me. “I’d hope not.”

We gazed at one another, and then I stood from the table and took our bottles to the trash can. “So, you just show up unannounced and expect to stay a few days, is that right?”

He leaned back in his seat with a dimpled smile. “That’s right.”

I leaned against the counter. “Good, you can take the couch.”

# TWENTY-TWO

That night I brushed my teeth and showered. Getting ready for bed, all I could think about was my stepbrother that was in my apartment with me. He was within my reach, and I felt I could take him if I wanted to, but I didn't know if I wouldn't let myself fall back into the trap that was amazing sex with him and feelings that I didn't want to have. Not again. Never again.

I walked to the doorway of my bedroom and saw Blaze taking off his shirt and shoes and getting comfortable on my couch. I leaned against the doorway and folded my arms. "Aren't you going to shower, or do you still always go to bed dirty?"

He grinned back at me. "Shut up, Trev." He threw his sock at me. "Here, you can smell that while you go to sleep."

I smiled back at him and glanced down at his sock at my feet. "Maybe I will."

He leaned back on the couch and licked his lips. "You're gross."

"I was just kidding."

"You sure?" He glanced at my crotch. "Because that tent you're starting to pitch says otherwise."

I looked down and realized my half erection was showing through the tiny pair of boxers I wore. And they were all I wore. I straightened up and lowered my hands over my groin. "Try not to stare, Blaze."

He put his hands behind his head. "It's hard not to, man. Your body has really changed over the past few years. Hell, with the way you look now, you might even turn me gay once and for all." And then he winked at me and flashed that devilish, dimpled smile.

I bit my lip and glared at him. Part of me was turned on by his flirting, but his last remark reminded of me of why I couldn't let myself be with him anymore. He wasn't gay. "Blaze, we can't do this. Not this time."

His smile faded. He nodded. "Okay. Sorry. No more sex. I promise."

I backed away from my doorway, forcing my feet with each step.

“Night, Blaze.”

Before I closed the door, I saw the disappointment on his face. I couldn’t bring myself to look him in the eyes again for that night, not without wanting him.

So I closed the door on him and forced myself into bed. Then I shut my eyes and tried to sleep, and when that wouldn’t work I put in some headphones and listened to soft music to drown out my thoughts.

It took an hour, but I finally passed out.

***

I opened my eyes the next morning, and I instantly smelled breakfast from out in my kitchen.

“Damn it,” I groaned.

I missed the gym. I’d been so concentrated on ignoring Blaze that I forgot my alarm, and I missed my time at the gym. Blaze was already throwing my routine off, and the worst part was that I didn’t mind it.

I slipped on jeans and went to my kitchen to find Blaze making pancakes, shirtless and in his boxers.

*If only I could wake up to a boyfriend like this,* I thought.

“Blaze, what are you doing?”

He tossed the pancakes from the skillet and onto a plate. “Well, I figured since you were so nice enough to let me stay for a while that I’d make us both some breakfast.”

I folded my arms and stood still while I watched him.

He turned around, looking fucking amazing as he walked to the table and set the plate of pancakes on the kitchen table. “Well, what do you think? Have a seat, my man.”

I pursed my lips and muttered, “Don’t call me your man.”

He laughed as he grabbed two plates from my cabinets and set the table for us. “Chill out, Trev. Jesus.” He put three pancakes on my plate and five on his. “Now, I know you’re modeling now, so I made sure to get the stuff for wheat pancakes. They’re healthier and shit.”

I almost laughed, but I wanted to convince myself I wasn’t completely infatuated with him. “Well they still have carbs, I can’t eat them.”

He grabbed us two glasses of orange juice and sat down at the table. “Bull shit. Come on, just have some. I see the way you’re looking at them. Just give in and let yourself have some.”

If only he knew I was really looking at him, and wanted to let myself have some of *him*. “Alright, I’ll have a few bites, but just because you went through the trouble.” I sat down. “Where did you get the ingredients anyway?”

“The market on the corner,” he answered. “I went for a jog this morning and found it.”

“Hmm.” I took a bite of his pancakes and spoke while chewing. “You’re already making yourself at home in the city, I see.”

He smiled. “Yes sir. I think I could see myself living here. Maybe I could even room with you, you know, before you start jet setting the world as a famous model.”

*Fuck these are delicious*, I thought as I ate his pancakes. “Uh, yeah, sure. Sounds like a plan.”

He paused for a moment as he ate, and I knew he could sense my uneasiness, but he didn’t say anything about it. “Alright, well anyway. What do you think? Are they good?”

I took another bite. “Yeah, they’re okay.”

He smirked. “Shut the fuck up, Trev. You love them. I can see it on your face.”

He kept staring me down until I finally cracked a smile. “Alright, alright. They’re pretty good.”

We ate in quiet for a few moments, and we caught each other’s glances as we looked at one another.

*Damn it*, I thought. *I need him gone… but I want him to stay.*

***

By noon, we were on a ferry to see the Statue of Liberty.

“You know,” Blaze said, “if I’m honest, she’s not as beautiful as I thought she’d be. Kind of rusted.”

We stood on the edge of the ferry and watched as it neared the island.

I burst out in laughter. “Blaze, shut up. She’s a piece of history. *That’s* what makes her beautiful you idiot.” I shoved him.

He laughed with me. He rubbed my shoulder. “It’s good to see you finally smile, Trev. I was starting to think you’d be pissed off the whole time I was here.”

Despite wanting to stay serious, I had relaxed by noon. Being with Blaze had that effect on me. “Yeah, whatever, Blaze. Shut up.”

He leaned on the rail. He looked good, the wind blowing against his jacket. He spoke loud over the sound of the river waves and ferry engine. “What’s with you, Trev? You’ve never been like this before.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I lied.

“You’re acting really closed off.” He paused. “Did I do something? Did I say something? Is that about,” he lowered his voice, “what you told me? Back at your dad’s house?”

I put my hands in my coat pockets. I sighed. “Blaze, just don’t worry about me, okay? I’ll be fine. Just enjoy your stay here.”

He grunted. “Ugh, you sound like a tourist guide. Trev, you’re my brother, well…” He grinned for a moment. “You’re *like* a brother anyway.” He leaned back up and turned to face me. “If you wanna talk about something, I’ll listen, okay?”

I *did* want to talk him, but I wouldn’t let myself. So I nodded. “Okay.”

While we visited the Statue of Liberty, I couldn’t keep my eyes off of him, and I had to keep my hands in my pockets to keep myself from touching him. I wanted to stand closer to him, smell him and hold him. But I fought those feelings back and kept to myself. I stayed away and enjoyed watching him see this part of the city for the first time.

***

“Everything is so tall here,” Blaze said.

We sat outside a pizza café on 44th street later that afternoon.

Blaze gobbled slice after slice while I chewed on a disappointing salad.

“The buildings are so tall, and even the people seem taller,” he said while chewing. “This place makes me feel like a country guy, you know, like I’m not fancy enough to live here.”

I laughed a little. “Well you do seem a little out of place wearing your cowboy boots.”

“Hey, these boots have served me good for ten years, man. Of course I had to take them to the big city.”

I mulled my fork through the salad.

“You look like you’re ready throw that salad in the garbage,” he said. “Why don’t you just have some pizza, man?”

I licked my lips, and I was salivating for a slice, but I rejected him. “No, I need to trim some more fat. I’m fine.”

He rolled his eyes. “You can diet later, just eat some pizza with me while I’m here. Come on. It won’t kill you.” He practically shoved a slice in my face. “Just eat it.”

“Ugh, you suck, Blaze.”

He grinned. “There you go. It’s meat lovers. You love that.”

I opened my mouth and let him feed me a bite. I hadn’t had this much bread in weeks and I loved it.

“Here, you got some sauce there,” he said.

While I was still chewing, he used his thumb to wipe a drop of sauce from my chin.

That was when I realized I was letting him treat me like a boyfriend would.

*Shit*, I thought. *Why does he have to do this? Does he know how bad he’s teasing me?*

I leaned back in my seat.

“I like this city,” he said. He ate the rest of the pizza I’d taken a bite from. “I could really live here.” He wiped his hands with a napkin. “Say, what time did you say you have to work tonight? I was thinking maybe we could see the Empire State Building before you go.”

I looked away from him. “No, I don’t think I can do that.”

Of course I wanted to go the Empire State Building with him! I wanted to do everything with him! But I didn’t want to feel any stronger for him than he was already making me feel.

He lowered his head in disappointment. “Too bad. I’d really like to see it with you.”

And just then, something else caught his attention… a red headed, leggy jogger that ran by us on the sidewalk. She was in leggings and a

hoodie, and all Blaze noticed were her perky bouncing tits and ass as she ran by.

My teeth clenched with jealousy.

Once again, I was reminded that my stepbrother, the only man I'd ever felt this much attraction for, was still sexually attracted to women.

I watched him gawk at her. He even leaned back in his seat so he could get a better look as she ran out of sight.

"Jesus, Blaze, don't fall out of your seat," I told him.

"What was that?" He wasn't paying attention.

I shrugged. "Nothing."

"Sorry, Trev. I uh, got distracted."

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, I know."

"Well, I guess I'll just go by myself then," he said as he pulled out his wallet to pay the tab. "Got any advice on cheap tickets?" He grinned. "Will I be able to spit off the edge?"

"Don't be stupid," I told him.

Suddenly, a picture of him flirting with some bimbo at the Empire State Building flashed through my head. Blaze was gorgeous, so there'd be plenty of women to distract him and flirt with him. There was a good chance he might not even make it back to my apartment tonight. He'd go home with some tramp.

*No*, I told myself. *He's not yours, you moron. Just let him go.*

But I couldn't help myself. My animal aggression was back within me, and it was hungry for Blaze. "You know what, man? I'll call off work and go with you."

He raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure? I don't wanna get you in trouble, Trev."

"Trust me," I said with determination, "I'm going with you."

***

The sun was setting beyond the skyscrapers by the time we were at the lookout level of the Empire State Building.

I was huddled up in my coat with the wind howling and blowing in my face. It felt icy cold, and it wasn't even the heart of winter yet.

Blaze withstood the cold better, keeping the hood of his jacket

over his head as he looked out over the city. “This city is beautiful, Trev. Now I know why you never came home.”

*You’re part of the reason I never came home*, I thought.

We stood next to one another and watched the sun sink below the tops of the buildings. We’d came on a slow day, so it wasn’t too crowded on the lookout level.

“You keep talking about staying here,” I told him. “Are you really considering it?”

He took a deep breath. “Yes, I am. Even if I can’t move here, I know it’s time for me to go. There’s nothing for me back in Crossroads. The only reason I was staying around was for my mom.”

I hesitated to ask. “How is she?”

“Better,” he answered. “Getting better every day.” He lowered his voice. “Your dad is, well… he’s having a tough time dealing things.”

“He drinks all the time doesn’t he?” I asked.

Blaze nodded. “More than he should, and he’s getting worse. He won’t talk to me. I have to visit my mom when he isn’t around.”

“Blaze, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t say that,” he said fast. “It’s not your fault. It’s not either of our faults.”

I hesitated again. “Does, does your mom know? About us?”

Blaze waited a moment, and then he nodded. “Of course she does, Trev.”

My stomach dropped. “Fuck.”

“She doesn’t talk about it,” he said. “Some friend of hers in town called her and told her what we did at that church the last time. I know it upset her, but she doesn’t talk about it. I don’t think…” He choked back his emotions. “I don’t think her heart can take it, literally.”

I looked down. “Blaze, I’m so sorry.”

He was quiet and looked out towards the horizon. “Me too.” Then he took a deep breath. “But we can’t change the past, Trev. All we can do is move forward.” He turned to me. “You know, my mom is the one who encouraged to me to come here and see you.”

“Really?” I asked.

He nodded. “I told her I wanted to get out of town, and she told me to come find you.” He put his hand on my shoulder. “I don’t think she hates us, Trev. I really don’t. I think she just wants us to be happy.”

I gazed into his eyes for a few moments before turning away, pulling away from him like always. I started to shiver in the cold wind.

He laughed a little. “You’re too fit for this cold, Trev. You need more weight on you. Here.”

“Blaze, what are you doing?”

“Just trust me.” He turned me forward to face the city, and then he stood behind me, opened his coat and wrapped it around me. He rested his chin on my shoulder and held me in his arms. “I’m helping you stay warm.”

*Damn it, Blaze!* My heart beat faster. Why did he have to be so wonderful?

“Better?” he asked.

It was too cold not to give into him, at least that’s what I told myself.

“Yes,” I answered, breaking a slight smile. “Much better.”

He held me there and we looked out at the city. It was like standing on the edge of an uncertain future. We didn’t feel like stepbrothers anymore, and we didn’t feel like friends, but it didn’t feel like lovers or boyfriends. We were two men, two souls who knew one another and shared a history. And that was enough for now.

I could feel my phone vibrate in my pocket, and I knew instantly that it was my boss trying to get me to work… but I ignored the call, and I leaned closer against Blaze while we watched the sun set.

# TWENTY-THREE

We were quiet on the subway going back to my apartment.

Blaze stood near me and held onto one of the poles. I'd ridden the subway enough times that I kept my balance on my own while standing.

For a moment, another man looked my way and made eye contact. He was an older man, well dressed and gray haired. He was handsome, but not nearly as handsome as Blaze.

Blaze noticed him looking at me, and he noticed the way the man undressed me with his eyes before winking and smiling at me.

And then I noticed Blaze. His eyebrows lowered and his eyes narrowed towards the man. He put his arm around me and brought me close to him, claiming me and letting this other man know that I was all his.

"Blaze," I said, "what are you doing?"

"Don't act like that guy didn't just eye-fuck you," he said low. "You're mine while I'm in this city, got it?"

My heart beat fast and my skin felt warm in the heat of the moment. I bit my lip and stared back into intense eyes. "Yes sir."

He grinned back at me. "Good boy."

***

It was late by the time we finally got back to my apartment building.

We walked down the hallway together towards my door.

"Are you sure your boss won't fire you for skipping work?" he asked.

"I'm the best one there," I said. "They'd never let me go."

He laughed. "You're pretty cocky about it."

We made it to my door and I turned to him. "If you'd ever see me dance you know why I was so cocky."

He smiled back at me. "Maybe you should show me then."

We stayed still with one another in the hallway. We were alone and it was quiet.

Blaze moved close to me, standing right in front of me and looking down at me. “You know, I’m not looking forward to sleeping on your couch again.”

My hands were shaking. He had me nervous and wanting him so badly it hurt. And after all this fighting him, I couldn’t hold out any longer.

“Then don’t,” I answered.

His head moved closer to mine. “Where can I sleep, then?”

My eyes started to close, getting ready for him to kiss me. My hand reached up on its own and grabbed at the back of his hair. I wouldn’t take any more of this teasing. “You know fucking well where you’re sleeping, Blaze.”

And then I pulled him to me and his lips met mine with this starvation for touch and release.

He pushed me against the wall just outside my door. His eyes darted back and forth between each one of mine. "I know you said you wouldn't let me have sex with you this time, Trev."

"I did," I said with a fast breath.

"But I want it bad," he said. "I'll always want you bad, and I can't help that."

And I'd always want Blaze, too. It was something neither of us could help.

"Then do it," I told him, giving in for the last time. I wouldn't fight the way I felt about him anymore. I was his whether I liked it or not. "Make me yours, Blaze."

He grabbed my hands and pinned them above my head. He spread my legs and put one leg in between them. He looked me in my eyes a few moments more before he put his lips to mine and slipped his tongue into my mouth.

He kissed me hard out in the hallway, keeping me pinned and taking control.

"Let's go into my bedroom," I told him.

"No," he growled. "I want you right here, right now."

A wicked smile formed on my lips. My cock twitched. My whole body tingled in eager excitement. "Here in the hallway?"

He breathed heavy. "I didn't fucking stutter, Trev."

I held still while my heart raced. The way he touched me felt ten times more intense now. He wasn't just having sex with me. This felt different. This felt like... I didn't dare think it.

He kissed me so hard my head started spinning. He licked my neck and bit the lobe of my ear gently. "I love the way you moan for me," he said deep and low.

My eyes started to close. I only fought them open to keep an eye out on the hallway. If anyone found us I'd get kicked out of my apartment for sure. "Blaze this is dangerous."

He got onto his knees and lifted my shirt. "That's what we are, Trev, dangerous." He raised my shirt and kissed the bottom of my stomach while his fingers slipped under my jeans. He looked up at me. "And I'm tired of fighting what we are." He undid my jeans and tugged them down. He pulled down my boxers.

"Fuck, Blaze," I whined. My cock sprang forth, hard as a rock for him.

He grinned at me. Then he licked my shaft. "I'm tired of trying to act normal around each other, Trevor. We aren't normal. We're never going to be."

I couldn't speak. I could hardly breathe.

He kept his eyes on mine as he opened his mouth and slid my cock in between his lips. Warm and wet and aggressive. Consuming me and obliterating my last bit of resistance.

He leaned back. "So let's just let go. Let's not hold back, okay? I don't care if it hurts either one of us anymore."

I let out a deep breath and put my hand on his head. "Alright. Let's do it."

He sucked my cock like an animal. Stroking and licking and kissing and sucking.

After two minutes he had me ready to blow. "Blaze, you're gonna make me come," I whimpered.

He stopped. He stroked me two more times while smiling, my precome and spit hanging off his lips. He stood back up and kissed me. "Don't come yet, Trev."

I ran my fingers through the back of his hair. "Are you gonna fuck me?"

He shook his head with a devilish smile on his face. "No, man, this time you're gonna fuck me."

My eyes widened and my eyebrows raised. "What?"

He unzipped his pants and pulled them down. His rock hard cock sprang out. He stroked it for a second and then played with himself underneath his cock. "I want you to be the only man to ever fuck me, Trev. So let's do it. Right now. Fuck me."

My cock twitched. Holy hell, he wanted me inside him. I felt ready to burst at the mere thought of it.

He tuned around and bared his ass to me.

"Blaze," I asked. "Have you ever done this?"

He breathed fast. "No. But I want to. Come on, fuck me."

My cock wasn't as big as his, but I knew it'd still hurt a virgin asshole like Blaze's.

"Blaze, I don't know..."

He spun around and put his hand on the back of my neck. "I'm standing right here begging you to pop my cherry for me, Trev. I've thought about this, and I want you to be the one to do it. I want it now, so fuck me before I change my mind." His eyes seared into mine.

A sudden fierce determination welled up within me. I wanted to fuck him hard now. Fuck his brains out like he'd done to me so many times before.

I grabbed him and spun him around. I pinned him facing the wall, keeping his ass bared to me. "First I have to get you ready, Blaze."

"Fuck," he moaned.

I got down on my knees behind him. I didn't waste time teasing him. I spread his cheeks and plunged my mouth upon his clean hole.

He bucked backward against me in instant pleasure. "Oh my God," he moaned low. "Fuck, yeah. Lick it, Trev."

I did circles around his ass so hard and fast my jaw felt like it might lock up. He was hot and tight, so ready to be fucked I could feel his taint pulsing with excitement.

After all these years, I was going to fuck Blaze's ass.

I stood back up.

Blaze grabbed me and pulled me against him. "Give me your dick, man. I'm fucking ready for it!"

I held onto his hips and took a last look at his virgin cherry. I smiled. "Blaze, you're never gonna be the same after this, man."

He turned his face to mine, grabbed me and kissed me. "That's what I'm hoping for."

I pushed him forward, bending him over. He arched his back and stuck his ass out. I lined up my cock with his hole, and then I pushed inside.

Blaze winced with sharp pain. I knew how he felt. His fingers scratched at the wall and his face scrunched, eyes shut tight and mouth opened. "Fuck," he whimpered. He slammed his hand against the wall. "Oh my God, that fucking hurts."

I held still inside him. I rubbed his shoulders and his back. "I'm sorry," I started to say.

"No, don't stop," he demanded. He pushed himself back and made my cock go further inside his tight hole. "I want this, Trev. I want you to fuck me like I fuck you."

I wrapped my arm around his chest and held him close to me. "Blaze, you can't handle it like that."

He grabbed a hold of my leg and squeezed hard. "I can take your dick, Trev." He grit his teeth and ordered, "Now fuck me hard."

I hesitated a moment longer. Then I held onto him as I thrust deep into him.

He grunted. His clenched his teeth and squeezed my leg, taking it like a fucking man. "Yeah," he growled. "Like that. Fuck me!"

I pulled out and thrust back into him. He was so hot and tight I was ready to blow if I kept thrusting. "Blaze, I'm gonna come," I panted.

He reached around and grabbed the back of my head. He leaned up and kept his back arched and ass against my groin. "Come inside me, Trev. Give me your come. Come on!"

He rocked against me as I thrust into him. I couldn't control myself.

"Oh God," he whimpered. "Fuck!" It was mixture of pleasure and pain for him now. And he was taking all that pain for me, the only man he'd ever let fuck him.

I thrust deep and hard four more times.

"Yes," he groaned.

I bit into his shoulder to stop from screaming. My body pulsed. My cock throbbed inside him as I unloaded into his body. Shot after shot of my hot come filled him.

He panted and raked his fingers through my hair. "That's it," he moaned. "Give me all of it, Trev."

I thrust. I paused. I thrust once more at the end of my orgasm.

We stayed still, heaving and catching our breath. His eyes were shut. His mouth was open.

I ran my hands up and down his body. His nipples were hard and his cock was rigid and dripping with precome.

"Holy fuck," he sighed.

"You okay?" I asked.

He smiled, eyes still closed. "Yeah, I'm good."

Suddenly, a woman's voice sounded from a nearby apartment. It got closer and closer to her door.

"Shit," we both said.

I pulled out of him.

It was too fast. He leaned against the wall and yelped. "Fuck!"

"I'm sorry, Blaze!" I went to console him.

He shook his head. "No time, Trev. Come on. Get inside!"

I fumbled for my apartment keys. Our cocks were still hanging out, and Blaze's bare ass shown.

"Come on," Blaze said.

"Shut up, I'm trying!"

The woman's voice got to her door. We heard her unlock it, and any second the door would open and they'd catch us.

"Fuck," Blaze said as he forced his erect cock back into his jeans.

"Here." I flung open my apartment door. I grabbed Blaze and dragged him inside.

Just as my neighbor opened her door, I shut mine.

We stayed still. Then we started laughing.

"Holy shit!" Blaze leaned against me. He rested his forehead on mine. "That was close."

"Yeah it was."

We stopped laughing and stared back into one another's eyes. The heat between us was still strong, and I could see it in Blaze's eyes that he needed more.

He started kissing me.

I kissed him back.

He took off my shirt.

I yanked off his.

We went into my bedroom.

He stripped me naked and tossed me onto the bed. He climbed onto me and I wrapped my legs around his waist.

"Are you finally gonna fuck me?" I panted. "Cause I want your cock inside me bad!"

He leaned up. He grabbed my legs and raised my bottom half into the air to expose my wanting hole to him. He spit onto it, and then he licked it fast and hard.

"Oh God," I moaned. My cock was hard again. My body was revved again for more. "Oh God, yes!"

After minutes of tonguing me he lowered me back down. He took off his jeans. His cock was hard and furious for me. "Turn over, Trev."

I gladly got onto my stomach and spread my legs.

He lay on top of me. His body weight pinned me down. The head of his cock rubbed against my ass.

"Fuck me, Blaze," I ordered. "Give it to me!"

He pushed his cock into my wet hole. "Fuck yes," he groaned deep.

"All the way," I begged as my eyes rolled back. "Go all the way in!"

"I'm gonna come already if I do that," he warned.

I slapped the mattress. "I don't care, man. I want all of you in me!"

His hands were on top of mine and our fingers intertwined. He squeezed them as he slid his cock fast and hard into me. He bit onto my ear. His hot breath smothered my neck and he growled and whined into my ear. I could feel his body tremble on top of me.

My own body exploded into ecstasy as I felt him plunge inside.

He was all the way in. He pulled out, only a little, and fucked me two more times before his body shook and he blasted come. "Fuck!"

I held still and let him give me all of it.

He heaved and moaned and gave little, sharp thrusts deep within me. His cock pulsed and throbbed.

After a minute he relaxed and lay on top of me. He licked and kissed my neck. Our eyes closed and I put my lips on the skin of his arms as he wrapped them around me.

I'd never felt so close to anyone in my life.

And I didn't care if I was falling for him, not then anyway. For the first time in years, I let my guard down.

# TWENTY-FOUR

"I don't suppose you have any weed," Blaze said.

I laughed and hit his bare chest. "Jesus, Blaze, you'll never change. No, I don't have any weed. And you don't need any."

He sighed in relaxation. His voice sounded sleepy, like at any moment he'd drift off. "Are you kidding? Of course I need some weed after sex like that."

He was lucky, getting to fall asleep so peacefully.

I lay still and stared at the darkness. My body felt like I'd taken the best drug in the world, while my mind started to replay all of my fears of getting too attached to the man falling asleep next to me.

"Trev?" he asked.

"What."

"Can I put my arms around you?"

*Bastard,* I thought. But I wouldn't deny myself what little comfort I could find.

"Yes," I answered.

He rolled onto his side.

Naturally, I rolled onto mine with my back against him.

He put his arm around me and held me close to him. I could hear his breathing as he fell asleep.

I didn't want the next day to come. I didn't want this night to fade away, to face the reality of him leaving eventually. I didn't want to go back to that purgatory, caught in between the "maybe he'll be mine" and "maybe he won't."

So I laid still in his arms and pretended that the next day would never come.

***

"What, what the hell?" I asked groggily, rolling over as I woke up.

The clock on my nightstand read it was 2am.

And Blaze's phone was ringing in his jeans' pocket on the floor. It was a loud, chiming ring tone, one of those annoying ones set to default.

I looked over at him. He was fast asleep, arms tangled above his head, snoring loud.

"Blaze," I said to him. I nudged him.

In his sleep, he pushed my arm away and mumbled. "No, go away."

I shoved him harder. "Blaze, wake up."

Finally, he opened his eyes and sat up quick. "What, what happened?!"

"Your phone." I pointed towards his pants. "Someone's calling you."

"What?" he asked, still not fully awake.

The phone stopped ringing.

"Ugh, Trev, just go to sleep." He laid back down and shut his eyes. "Come on." He grabbed me and pulled me down to him and put his arm around me. "Let's just sleep."

Then his phone started ringing again.

I fought my way out of his arms. "Blaze, you're ridiculous."

I crawled over him and out of bed. I went to his jeans and dug through the pockets until I pulled his phone out. On the screen, the calling name was "MOM."

"Oh no," I muttered. Instantly, I could feel it… something was wrong. "Blaze, it's your mother. Answer it."

Blaze put a pillow over his face. "No, go away. I wanna sleep."

I threw the pillow off of him and put the ringing phone in his face. "It's your mom."

"Why don't you just answer it?" he whined.

"Blaze!"

"Ugh, fine." He sat up and answered his cell phone. "Hello?"

I sat down on the edge of the bed and listened.

"Hey mom," he said with a sleepy tone. "How are you? Uh… yeah, he's here." He looked at me and winked. "Yeah, we were just uh… sleeping together. I mean uh, you know, in separate rooms and

all. Wait what?"

Suddenly, Blaze's eyes got wider. He sat up straight and let his legs hang off the bed.

"Mom, what happened? Mom, just tell me. Please, calm down. What happened?"

My stomach dropped. I bit my lip. What had happened? Something terrible. Something awful.

Blaze looked at me with a fear in his eyes. "Yeah, I'll tell him. I'll call you back, Mom."

I stayed still, feeling like I was waiting to be hit by a train.

Blaze hung up. "Trevor…"

"What happened?"

"It's your father."

Suddenly all my nerves disappeared. Of course, they were afraid of my father, but I wasn't. I wasn't afraid of that bastard. I didn't care about him. "Ugh, what about him? Did he say that he wants me to die or something?" I laid back on the bed, relieved that it wasn't anything I'd be devastated by.

But I had it all wrong.

"Trevor," Blaze said, a grimness in his voice, "your father is dead."

# TWENTY-FIVE

Drinking and driving. That's what Blaze told me. My father had gotten drunk, took his truck to joyride, and he drove it off the road. It flipped twice before wrapping around a telephone pole, throwing my father through the windshield. He'd been speeding, 90 miles an hour.

I can't remember saying a word while we packed our bags.

I can't remember saying anything while we rode the subway to the airport.

"Trevor, you can talk to me," Blaze had said. But I don't remember if he said this at the airport or on the plane. Or maybe he said it when we landed back in Alabama.

I didn't talk. I didn't want to talk. I *couldn't* talk. I didn't know what to feel or know how I should feel.

Blaze's truck was at the airport when we got to Alabama. He drove us all the way to my father's house.

At my father's house, Blaze took our bags out of the back of the truck.

I stood outside the passenger door, just staring at the house. All I could remember was the screaming and fighting, and the disappointed way he'd look at me. That's how I remembered my father. And that's how I'd always remember him now.

"Trev, are you coming in?" Blaze asked as he walked to the door.

His mother opened the door and stood in the doorway, looking like she'd been crying for days.

I stayed outside the truck, like my feet were frozen.

Blaze came back to me and whispered, "Trevor, we don't have to stay here. We can get a motel room."

"What about your mom?" I asked.

"She can stay with us." He looked into my eyes. "Trevor, we can do whatever you need to. I'm here for you."

"Shut up," I said fast.

Blaze bit his lip. He was frustrated, but his concern for me was more than his defensive anger. "Okay, let me just talk to her for a minute, then. I'll come back out for you."

I watched Blaze walk to the door and try to take his mother inside. She seemed to be asking about me.

"Mom, no," Blaze said in a hushed voice.

I stayed still.

Linda stepped out of the house and took a few, slow steps forward, staring right at me, right into my soul. "How could you do this to him?"

"Mom!" Blaze grabbed her and tried to pull her back.

She yanked her arm away from him. "Why did you have to do this to him? You, you ran away, and you left us… you broke your father's heart, and you killed him." She burst into tears. "You killed him!" She sobbed. "He wouldn't have driven away if you didn't hurt him like you did. He wouldn't have drank so much! You killed him!"

Blaze grabbed her.

She fell down.

"Mom, stop." He looked at me in panic as he gathered his mother into her arms. "I'll be back, Trev." He carried her inside and shut the door.

I stayed frozen, still feeling nothing and feeling everything all at once.

I felt evil. Linda hated me. The only woman I'd ever come close to loving… she hated me now.

I felt… free, but I felt alone. My father was dead, and I hated him, but I had loved him. He felt like my only family, and he had hated me.

I hated myself for hating him so badly. Maybe I hated him so badly that somehow I *really did* kill him.

I was alone. I was alone in that world, a rebel against everyone.

My fingers turned to fists. I got angry, angry at my father, angry at Blaze for trying to make me weak by accepting his help. Angry at his mother for forsaking me.

"No," I said to myself. I looked down, my eyes staring blankly at

the dirt ground. “No, I don’t need them. I’ll never need Blaze, and he’ll…”

He would never need me.

My anger at everything, at the world, started to blind me. I didn’t feel for Blaze. I didn’t feel for his mother or for anyone.

I couldn’t stop myself.

I had my wallet, my phone and my anger to fight the world.

The old Mustang was still parked at the side of the house, still able to run. The one thing of mine my father had never destroyed.

I walked towards it, and after three steps I ran to it.

I threw off the tarp and got in.

The keys were still under the driver’s seat where I’d left them.

“Dad…” I said as I jammed the keys into the ignition. “I’m…” And I hated myself so much for the way I felt. “I’m glad you’re dead.”

The engine took almost twenty seconds to finally turn over. It hadn’t run in years, and after the rusty start I revved the engine.

The front door opened. Blaze ran out of the house and towards me. “Trevor, what are you doing?!”

Running away. I was running away again, the only thing I knew to do.

I backed the Mustang away from Blaze before he could reach me, kicking a cloud of dust between us.

I watched his face, confused, scared and longing as I circled away from him and sped out of the drive.

I raced the old Mustang onto the dirt road and towards the fields.

Even as I left Blaze in the dust behind me, with everything else, I still didn’t feel anything.

# TWENTY-SIX

Blaze must've called me again, and again and again. Almost a hundred times.

And I wouldn't answer. I couldn't answer. I couldn't stand the game anymore, torn between facing my lonely existence and the tease of his "promise" of taking care of me. I didn't believe him. I didn't believe in his promise. Nothing would ever work between us, and it was time to cut him out while I had the numbness and strength to do it. Once and for all.

It was midnight by the time I'd gotten everything I needed. A phone charger, some cash out of my bank account, gas in the Mustang and cigarettes for the long ride I'd be taking to nowhere.

It must've been a sign from God that the Mustang was in good enough shape to drive away. It was a sign I was meant to run, run from everything, run from Blaze.

It was midnight when I drove the Mustang towards the edge of town. And a pair of headlights shined brightly through my back windshield. It was a truck, revving and almost driving into my bumper.

"Fuck," I muttered. I knew exactly who it was.

I pulled over off the shoulder. My Mustang was fast, but it wasn't fast enough, and hadn't been kept up enough, to run away from Blaze's truck.

The truck stopped behind me.

As I stepped out, I heard Blaze step out of his truck and slam the door. He stomped towards me, and I waited next to my open driver's door.

He stopped in front of me, heaving and his nostrils flaring. His eyes were lit with the fire of anger, anger that reminded me of what I'd seen in my father's eyes.

He didn't speak at first, but finally he did. "What the hell are you doing, Trevor?"

I could've gotten back into the Mustang and drove away, not giving him any explanation. "Blaze… just let me go." I turned and went to sit back down.

"No, Trevor!" He grabbed my arm and dragged me away from the Mustang. "What the hell are you doing? Where are you going?"

I fought him off of me, pushing him so hard he stumbled back out onto the road. "Let me go, Blaze! Just let me go!"

"Why?" he begged. "Why are you leaving? We need you here right now!"

I laughed. It was desperate laughter. Blaze still didn't understand. "No, you don't, Blaze. No one needs me here. You and your mom don't need me. My father never needed me. I don't have anything, Blaze. So just let me go. Let me be on my own. It's what I know. It's what I'm good at."

He stepped forward to me again. "You still have me, Blaze. You still have *me*. I told you I'd be here for you, and I mean it." He wouldn't look away from me. "Please, just stay now."

The way he looked at me, for a moment I almost believed him, that he'd be there for me. But I wouldn't let myself believe that he would ever feel about me the way I felt about him. No one in my life would ever care about me that much, and of that I was completely and irreversibly convinced.

"But I don't want you," I said to him, coldly. I didn't mean it, but I was willing to say anything just to get him to stop chasing me once and for all. "I don't want you, Blaze. Not anymore. Everything I touch, anyone close to me, I hurt. I hurt my father. I hurt your mom, and I'll hurt you, too, Blaze." I choked back tears. "Or you'll hurt me."

His eyes watered. He stayed still, looking at me like I'd stabbed him in his heart.

And maybe I'd feel my own heart break later. Maybe I'd break down and cry for doing this to him, but my blood was cold, and I had to kill what we had.

"We will *never* work, Blaze," I told him. "And I don't want you, anymore. Ever again."

"Trevor…" His voice lowered and shook. "You don't mean that."

I walked back to the Mustang, and I looked down at the ground.

"Trevor, please, just stay."

I took a deep breath. "Goodbye, Blaze." And with a final look at him, the man I almost fell in love with, the man I'd never be with, I took a picture of him with my mind, thinking it'd be the last time I ever saw him. "Don't chase after me."

I got inside the Mustang and started driving. I couldn't look at his reflection in my mirrors. I couldn't stand it.

The headlights of his truck faded into the distance. He wasn't following me. I was heading onward on my own.

A single tear rolled onto my cheek, and I felt the twinge of pain, radiating from my chest. Here came the heartbreak, but I kept driving forward, on my own like I'd always been. I gripped the steering wheel tight and kept going forward. "Goodbye Blaze," I whispered. "Goodbye."

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